

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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John  Jameson

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“GO ON WITH your list of butterflies,” said the Red Queen.

“Well, there’s the Small Copper,” Alice began.

“Over there,” said the Queen, “you’ll see a Large Copper — one of the largest in the Force, in fact.”

“What does he live on?” Alice asked.

“He’ll live on to a ripe old age if he goes on drinking a Guinness a day,” said the Queen.

“And there’s the Red Admiral,” Alice went on, “it’s really Red Admirable, you know.” She was rather proud of knowing this.

“In my hand,” said the Queen, “you will see a Head Admirable. It has an entirely natural history — it is made of nothing but barley, hops, and yeast.”

“And what does *it* live on?”

“It lives on top of a Guinness.”

“Supposing someone drinks the Guinness?”

“Then the Head would be consumed with joy.”

“But that must happen very often,” Alice remarked thoughtfully.

“It always happens,” said the Queen.

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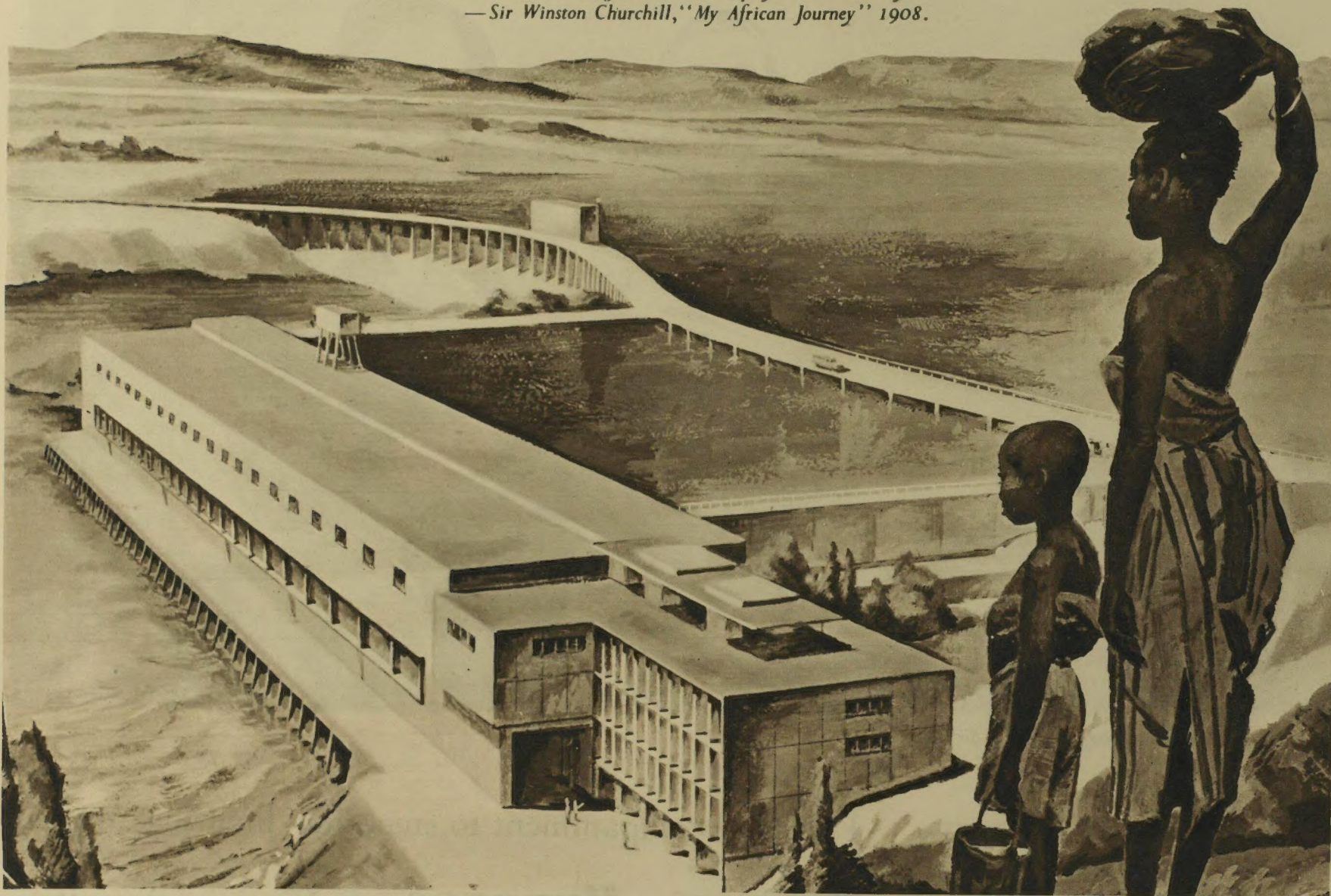
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— Sir Winston Churchill, "My African Journey" 1908.



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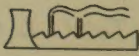
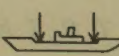

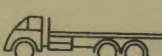
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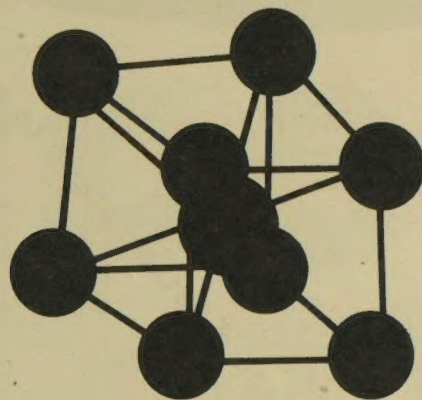
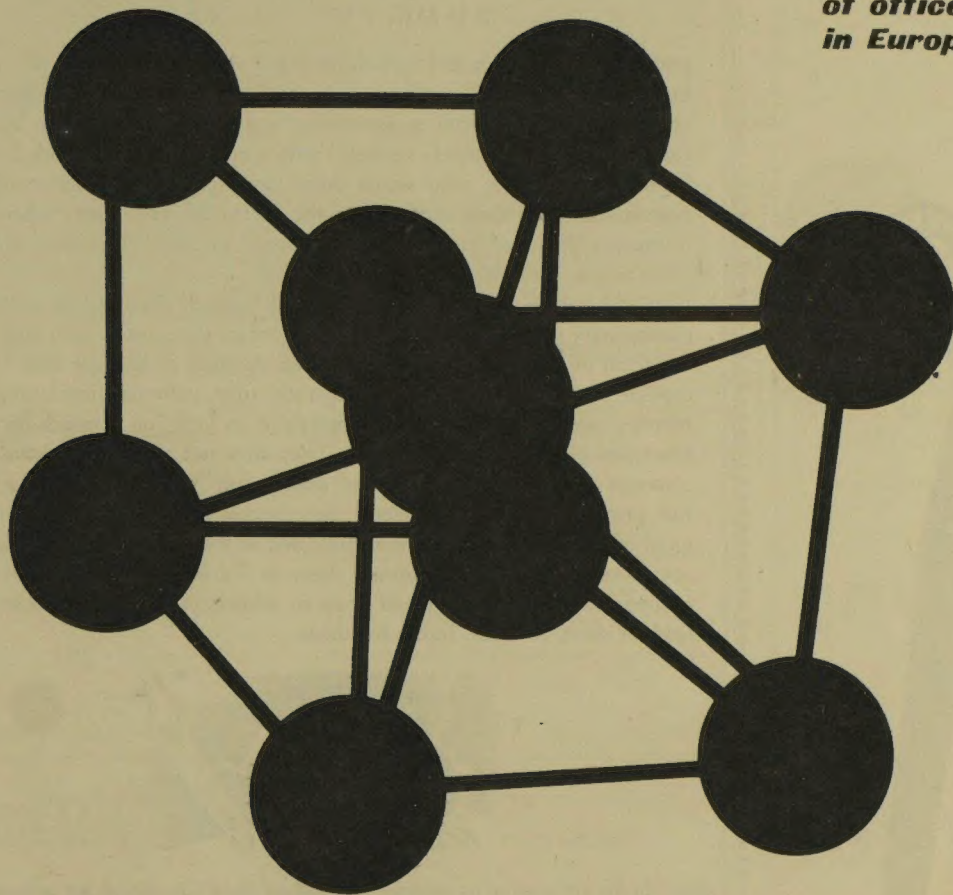
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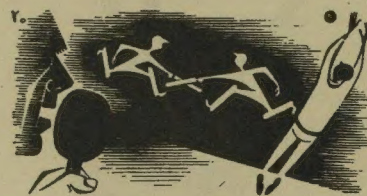
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## MAY

### SOMETHING NEW

Distrust of innovations is a well-developed British characteristic. When the innovations lose their novelty and merge into the permanent background of our lives, it is difficult to remember, and almost impossible to believe, that once they were widely regarded with scepticism or even with horror. Probably even those who wrote them have forgotten the letters of expostulation which they addressed to the Editor of The Times when that newspaper published its first crossword puzzle in 1930. Television still fills some people with alarm and despondency.

If, in the course of this month, you find yourself listening to a B.B.C. commentary on a cricket match, pause to reflect that, not so very long ago, this form of broadcast was an innovation. As such, it had the sort of reception you would expect. On May 14th, 1927, commentaries lasting five minutes each were broadcast, at intervals of an hour, on a match between Essex and New Zealand at Leyton. They were not adjudged to have been a success. One paper found them "deadly dull"; the experiment, it said, had proved that "a commentary on a cricket match will be a waste of good ether". Another "almost shuddered at the thought" of listening to any more; and a third dismissed them as "a stunt which only in very exceptional circumstances could hope to achieve popularity". There was held, in short, to be no future for them.



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- |                 |  |
|-----------------|--|
| May-October     | Celebration of the VIIth Centenary of the Birth of Marco Polo  |
| June 15-22      | Musical Symphony Concerts at the St. Marc Basilic and in the Courtyard of Palazzo Ducale<br><i>Directed by MAESTRO STOKOWSKI</i> |
| June 19-Oct. 17 | XXVIIth International Biennial Exhibition of Art   |
| June 20-Oct. 10 | International Exhibition of Chinese Art  |
| July 3-4        | IInd Competition of Venetian Song  |
| July-August     | XIIIth International Festival of Theatre   |
| July-August     | Musical Events at the Isle of San Giorgio  |
| July-October    | Exhibitions and Shows at Palazzo Grassi  |
| Aug. 22-Sept. 7 | XVth International Exhibition of Cinematographic Art   |
| Sept. 11-23     | XVIIth International Festival of Music   |

### TRADITIONAL AND FOLKLORIC FEASTS

- The Feast of Lights at the Lido—June 27
- The Feast of the Redeemer—July 17
- Nocturnal Fresco on Canal Grande—August 21
- Historical Regate—September 5
- Serenades on Canal Grande—June-September

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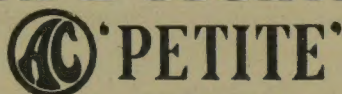
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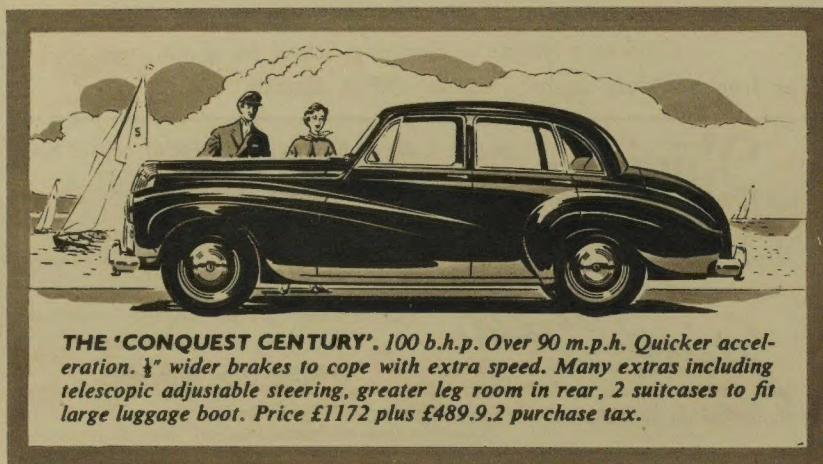
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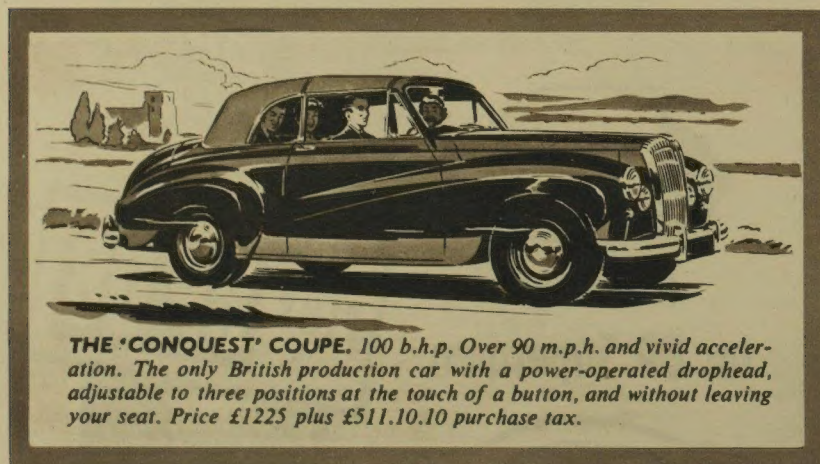
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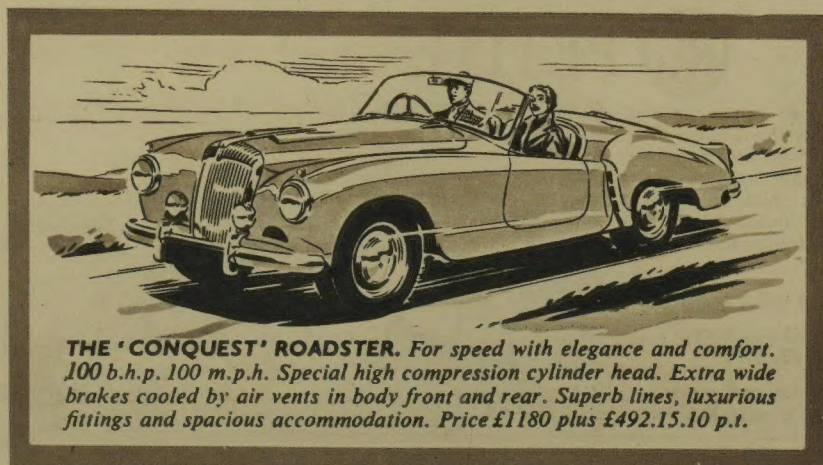
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1954.



**IN COMMAND OF THE GALLANT DEFENDERS OF THE BESIEGED FORTRESS AT DIEN BIEN PHU : GENERAL DE CASTRIES, WHOSE HEROIC STAND AGAINST THE FIERCE ONSLAUGHT OF THE VIETMINH REBEL FORCES HAS WON GREAT ADMIRATION.**

Brigadier-General Christian de la Croix de Castries, whose promotion from colonel was announced on April 16, has been in command of the French Union fortress at Dien Bien Phu since the Vietminh forces launched their first attacks in December last year. In an Order of the Day, General Navarre, the French Commander in Indo-China, explained that General de Castries's exceptional promotion was a recognition not only of his own qualities as a soldier, but of the heroism of all those fighting under his orders. General de Castries, who is fifty-two, was captured by the Germans in 1940, but succeeded in escaping at

his third attempt in March 1941. Two years later he was fighting with the Allies in Italy and was with the forces which liberated Austria. In 1946 he went to Indo-China where, except for a year spent in France, he has been ever since. On April 19 Sir Winston Churchill, in a message to General de Castries, said: "We in Great Britain have watched with admiration the heroism and endurance with which your gallant troops have held Dien Bien Phu in the face of repeated bitter assaults by an enemy far superior in numbers. I salute you and your men, whose exploits bring glory to France and are an example which inspires us all."





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

HOW are we going to preserve the peace of the world? The question that has been troubling us all so much in the last few decades has now become far more urgent than it has ever been before, since it appears to us that our failure to do so is likely to end in the extinction, not only of an unsuccessful dynasty or nation and of a great many human lives in the process, but of civilisation itself and possibly even of human existence on this planet. The step from the common or garden atom-bomb to the hydrogen-bomb has been made in the last decade. The step from the hydrogen-bomb to the cobalt-bomb may well be made in the next. So what?

The dilemma in which modern man finds himself as a result of his own misplaced endeavours was well expressed the other day by that great humorist and humanist, Nathaniel Gubbins—"Uncle Nat" to his readers—in the pages of a popular Sunday newspaper. He entitled it the "Martyrdom of Man." In the pretended rôle of a palmist, he read the hand of an imaginary Englishman born just before the turn of the century; it might have been the writer of this page or any of his contemporaries! In his headline, as he drew it, there were four stages. The victim began as a "problem-child" at a time when children were not allowed to have problems, or at any rate were not allowed to worry their elders about them. He then grew, as most of us do, into a "silly young fool"! The next stage in his intellectual progress, now reached, was that of "a silly old fool"! The final stage, still to be attained and marked by a fourth cross on the plan of his hand, was labelled "barmy"! Four decisive stages in his life-line were similarly indicated: "First World War," marked by an explosion of moderate dimensions; "Second World War," marked by a much larger explosion; "Atom Bomb," with a drawing of this prodigy's now familiar and sinister outlines; and "Hydrogen Bomb," followed by the valedictory inscription, "You've had it, chum!" The only question remaining to be resolved by the palmist was, therefore, whether poor, foolish, twentieth-century man would become "barmy" before he was hit by the hydrogen-bomb or whether the hydrogen-bomb would hit him first.

This is, perhaps, putting the problem in an extreme form! Not unnaturally mankind—except, apparently, that portion of it resident in the City of Coventry—refuses to accept this rather depressing view of its future as an absolute certainty and, though painfully aware of its possibility, is seeking for alternatives. Several of these have been propounded during the last few weeks. The silliest—one so silly, indeed, that it suggests that the fourth and lunatic stage in twentieth-century man's head-line has already been reached—is that the hydrogen-bomb is so vile and dangerous an instrument that we should leave its manufacture and development to Soviet Russia while scrupulously refraining from touching it ourselves. The consequences of such self-denial are so obvious that comment seems superfluous. It would result within a few years, or even months, in our being presented with the choice between being atomised or being subjected to the same process of sovietisation and enslavement by blood-bath and concentration-camp as the satellite peoples behind the Iron Curtain. We should have no other alternative but to cease to exist or to become like Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Hungary and Bulgaria. It does not, therefore, seem a practical possibility that any responsible statesman who is not a convinced Communist can seriously explore. It can lead to nothing but a death-chamber and only begs the question it seeks to resolve.

The truth, of course—though the advocates of this suicidal expedient, in their precipitate panic, ignore it—is that there is all the difference in the world between creating the hydrogen-bomb and using it. Its use must inflict untold suffering and destruction; its manufacture by itself inflicts

none at all. The same distinction exists between the manufacture of poison-gas and its use. During the First World War poison-gas was both manufactured and used, though not, it is interesting to note, against civilian populations. During the Second World War it was manufactured in far vaster quantities by both combatants and much was said about the possibilities of using it against civilians. Yet it was never used and, though a great deal of effort and money must have been expended on its manufacture, the menace which it was supposed to constitute remained only a menace and nothing more. This was largely because both sides knew that its use by one would immediately precipitate its use by the other. It was partly

also because it appeared that its use, so long as the other side could retaliate, could never effect anything decisive. Similar arguments apply partly to the use of the hydrogen-bomb, though not wholly. In the late war, for instance, had both sides possessed the bomb, its use by either before the final crisis of 1945 would have been improbable in the extreme. But when the Russians were in the suburbs of Berlin and the Allies on the Elbe, Hitler in his lunatic desperation might well have ordered its use. Resort to poison-gas warfare at that stage would have availed him nothing. Resort to the hydrogen-bomb might have brought down in wholesale ruin part of the free world against which he was fighting. That it would also have precipitated an immediate and fatal destruction to Berlin would have mattered to Hitler not at all. He and his capital were bound to be destroyed in any case.

Yet even this depressing conclusion points to the probability, I think, that the hydrogen-bomb will not be used by either participant in any future war unless that participant has grown utterly desperate. Provided both sides possess it and the means of instantaneously using it, it is unlikely to be used at all except in such an extremity. Its effect, therefore, I suspect will be, if not to prevent war altogether, to prevent either side pressing its victory to the kind of dangerous and irrational extreme to which victory was pressed in the last two wars. Both in 1917 and 1943 the policy of "unconditional surrender" was, I feel, a foolish and, however understandable, a disastrous one. It pressed victory in battle further than victory, in this imperfect, illogical world, ought to be pressed and so sowed unnecessarily the seeds of future bitter passions. From that kind of angry and destructive logic—the logic of the indignant self-righteous—the manufacture of the hydrogen-bomb may, I believe, now save foolish mankind in spite of itself. *Vae victis!* will cease to be a practical slogan for civilised man, for *vae victis!* will also spell *Woe to the Victors!* That, I am convinced, will be to the good.

There remains the danger and temptation—to the possessor of the hydrogen-bomb—of the "knock-out" blow. The greater the destructive power of the bomb, the greater the temptation. It is a temptation, however, to which, from the very nature of its beliefs and forms of government, a parliamentary democracy is scarcely subject. No parliamentary leader in time of peace would dare to take such a murderous and suicidal responsibility. There seemed to me, for

this reason, to be a lack of reality in the tentative suggestion made a little while ago in certain American circles that the United States might retaliate against an act of aggression on land by using the atom-bomb against Chinese cities. No American—or British—statesman would ever, in my belief, in time of peace order such a thing. A totalitarian statesman, unsubjected to popular opinion, might. The only effective deterrent to such action by him would be fear of retaliation. That is why I maintain that the possession of the hydrogen-bomb by the democracies at the present stage is essential if peace is to be preserved and atomic war averted. The fact that some more permanent means of safeguarding civilisation against war must be sought and found does not militate against the necessity of this temporary and saving expedient.

#### THE STATE PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II. IN HER CORONATION DRESS, WITH THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN AND THE ROYAL SCEPTRE WITH THE CROSS BESIDE HER; BY JAMES GUNN, A.R.A., ON VIEW IN BURLINGTON HOUSE.

The State portrait of H.M. Queen Elizabeth II. in her Coronation dress, with the Imperial State Crown and the Royal Sceptre with the Cross on a table beside her; by James Gunn, A.R.A., is on view in the Royal Academy Exhibition, which is due to open to-day, May 1, to the public at Burlington House. Her Majesty is wearing the Collar and George of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, of which she is Sovereign, and her hand rests on the Royal Sceptre with the Cross. James Gunn, elected A.R.A. in 1953, is President of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. It will be remembered that he painted a portrait of King George VI in 1944, of Queen Elizabeth (now Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother) in 1946, and a Royal family group, "Conversation Piece at Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park," in 1950.

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# THE ROYAL CHILDREN AT MALTA: PLAYTIME IN THE SUNSHINE OF THE GEORGE CROSS ISLAND.



(ABOVE.) "SURE IT ISN'T COLD?" PRINCESS ANNE, ENCOURAGED BY COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN, PROBES A SEA-WATER POOL, WHILE ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN WATCHES, AND THE DUKE OF CORNWALL SITS ON THE SUN-WARMED ROCKS DURING THE VISIT TO PETER'S POOL WHICH THE CHILDREN PAID ON THE AFTERNOON OF APRIL 23.

"HERE GOES": THE DUKE OF CORNWALL JUMPS INTO A DELIGHTFUL ROCK POOL, WATCHED BY PRINCESS ANNE, ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN AND COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN.



THE JOYS OF A DAY BY THE SEA AT MALTA: PRINCESS ANNE AND THE DUKE OF CORNWALL EXPLORE THE SMOOTH, WARM ROCKS AT PETER'S POOL, MALTA, WHICH THEY VISITED ON APRIL 23.

THE HEIR APPARENT WITH ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, MEDITERRANEAN: A DELIGHTFUL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE DUKE OF CORNWALL APPARENTLY TRYING TO MAKE HIS DISTINGUISHED GREAT-UNCLE STAND UP.

Malta, the George Cross Island, gave the Royal children a great welcome when they arrived at Valletta in the Royal yacht *Britannia* on April 22; and on the following day the Heir Apparent the Duke of Cornwall, and his sister, fair, curly-haired Princess Anne, were able to go ashore for the first time and spend what must have been an ideal afternoon with their great-uncle and great-aunt, Admiral Earl Mountbatten and Countess Mountbatten. They had a tremendously enthusiastic reception as they came ashore at Customs steps; and the Duke of Cornwall,

though a trifle shy, shook hands with the Lieutenant-Governor of Malta with Royal graciousness before scrambling over the driver's seat to sit next to Admiral Earl Mountbatten in his blue sports car. After a tour of the island the party went to a beauty spot on the south coast known as Peter's Pool, where the barefoot children climbed over the smooth rocks and paddled in the warm pools before enjoying a picnic tea. On the following day they visited Medina, and later had tea at Admiralty House; while on April 25 they visited the aircraft-carrier *Eagle*.





IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS AT PERADENIYA: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO ADMIRER THE WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF TROPICAL FLOWERS AND PLANTS.

## THE QUEEN IN CEYLON: SCENES OF OTHER ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS AND



ESCORTED BY KANDYAN DANCERS AND DRUMMERS: THE ROYAL PROCESSION MAKING ITS WAY TO THE AUDIENCE HALL, WHERE THE QUEEN WAS RECEIVED BY THE KANDYAN CHIEFS.

## ORIENTAL SPLENDOUR IN KANDY, THE DEPARTURE FROM COLOMBO.



ARRIVING AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CEYLON, WHICH WAS FORMALLY OPENED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY LORD SOULBURY, AND THE DUKE.



PLANTING TREES IN VICTORIA PARK TO COMMEMORATE HER VISIT: THE QUEEN IN NUWARA ELIYA WITH THE GARLANDED DUKE OF EDINBURGH (RIGHT).



AT THE RECEPTION GIVEN IN THEIR HONOUR BY KANDYAN CHIEFS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON THE STEPS OF THE DAIS, RECEIVING THE MAGNIFICENTLY CLAD DIGNITARIES.



IN THE HISTORIC AUDIENCE HALL IN KANDY: THE QUEEN, FROM THE KANDYAN CHIEFS AND



WHO RECEIVED ASSURANCES OF DEVOTION AND LOYALTY REPLIED TO THEIR ADDRESS OF WELCOME.



SEATED FACING THE THRONES OF THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE: THE RESPLENDENT KANDYAN CHIEFS IN THE GAILY DECORATED AUDIENCE HALL; SOME OF THEIR HATS WERE OF PLATED GOLD.



ARRIVING IN KANDY FOR THE ROYAL PERAHERA: SOME OF THE 140 ELEPHANTS WHICH TOOK PART IN THE CEREMONY; IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE SACRED TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH.



BIDDING FAREWELL TO COLOMBO AT THE END OF THEIR VISIT: THE S.S. GOTHIC ON APRIL 21, WHICH WAS



QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LOOKING BACK AT THE QUAY FROM THE QUEEN'S TWENTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY.



TAKING PART IN THE SPLENDID ROYAL PERAHERA: THE RICHLIY CAPARISONED TUSKER OF THE TEMPLE CARRYING A JEWELLED CASKET IN A GOLD HOWDAH BENEATH A CANOPY.

After spending two quiet days at Queen's Cottage, Nuwara Eliya, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Kandy during the evening of Easter Sunday. One of the Queen's first engagements in the hill capital of the later Sinhalese Kings took place on Easter Monday, when she attended a reception held in her honour by the Kandyan Chiefs in the historic open-sided Audience Hall. Here

the chiefs, a magnificent spectacle in their sumptuous costumes and jewels, expressed their pride at belonging to the Commonwealth in association with free peoples and assured the Queen of their deep devotion. Later in the day the Queen and the Duke drove to the Sacred Temple of the Tooth, where they proceeded to the inner sanctuary and saw the sacred relic. In the evening the Royal visitors

witnessed a scene of splendour said to have exceeded anything since the days of the Sinhalese sovereigns. Seated in a pavilion near the Temple, specially constructed in the form of an octagon, the Queen and her party watched a Royal perahera, or procession, in which 140 glittering elephants and troupes of musicians and dancers took part. On the following day, April 20, the Queen and her

husband paid a visit to the Royal Botanical Gardens, Peradeniya, which are considered to be among the finest in the Orient. Before leaving Kandy, the Duke of Edinburgh, in the presence of the Queen, formally opened the University of Ceylon in its new buildings at Peradeniya. In the evening the Royal visitors returned to Colombo, and, on April 21, sailed from Colombo for Aden in S.S. Gothic.





IN OSLO CATHEDRAL: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE DURING THE FUNERAL SERVICE, SHOWING THE COFFIN IN FRONT OF THE ALTAR.

THE funeral of Crown Princess Märtha of Norway, who died on April 5, took place in Oslo on April 21. The coffin was carried from the Royal Palace to Oslo Cathedral, where the Bishop of Oslo conducted the funeral service. It was then taken to the old Castle of Akershus, where it now rests. Among the mourners who followed the coffin on foot were Crown Prince Olav of Norway and his son Prince Harald; King Gustaf Adolf of Sweden; King Frederik of Denmark; King Baudouin of the Belgians; President Asgeir Asgeirsson of Iceland; the Duke of Gloucester (representing the Queen); Prince Axel of Denmark; Prince Carl Bernadotte of Sweden; Prince Jean of Luxemburg; Prince Georg of Denmark; Count Flemming of Rosenberg; Hr. Castenskiold, and Captain Erling Lorentzen (Princess Ragnhild's husband). The mourners who followed by car were headed by King Haakon of Norway, who is in his eighty-second year; Princess Ingeborg of Sweden (Crown Princess Märtha's mother); Queen Louise of Sweden and Queen Ingrid of Denmark. Some 200,000 people crowded the streets to bid farewell to Crown Princess Märtha who, in the words of the Bishop of Oslo, "had the place of a Queen in the heart of the Norwegian people."

(RIGHT.) FOLLOWED BY MEMBERS OF THE NORWEGIAN ROYAL FAMILY AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED MOURNERS: THE HEARSE IN OSLO'S MAIN STREET.



## THE OSLO FUNERAL OF NORWAY'S BELOVED CROWN PRINCESS MARTHÄ.



PRECEDED BY THE BISHOP OF OSLO: CROWN PRINCESS MARTHÄ'S COFFIN BEING BORNE FROM OSLO CATHEDRAL TO THE WAITING HEARSE BY EIGHT OFFICERS WHO HAD SERVED AS AIDES-DE-CAMP TO THE CROWN PRINCE.



REPRESENTING H.M. THE QUEEN: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION; ON THE FAR SIDE IS PRINCE JEAN OF LUXEMBURG. KING HAAKON OF NORWAY, WHO IS EIGHTY-ONE, FOLLOWED BY CAR.



WALKING IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION FROM THE ROYAL PALACE IN OSLO: (L. TO R.) CROWN PRINCE OLAV OF NORWAY; PRINCE HARALD OF NORWAY; PRINCE AXEL OF DENMARK; PRINCE CARL BERNADOTTE OF SWEDEN; KING FREDERIK OF DENMARK (NEARLY COMPLETELY HIDDEN); KING GUSTAF ADOLF OF SWEDEN; CAPTAIN ERLING LORENTZEN AND KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS.





MR. ANTHONY EDEN LEAVING DOWNING STREET AFTER THE SPECIAL CABINET MEETING WHICH WAS CALLED ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE FOR GENEVA.

## THE GENEVA CONFERENCE ON THE FAR EAST, AND THE ARRIVAL OF THE DELEGATIONS.



MR. MOLOTOV (LEFT), THE RUSSIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, SHAKES HANDS WITH THE CHINESE FOREIGN MINISTER, MR. CHOU EN-LAI, WHO MET HIM ON HIS ARRIVAL AT GENEVA AIRPORT.



MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES, THE AMERICAN SECRETARY OF STATE, LEAVING THE QUAI D'ORSAY, PARIS, DURING DISCUSSIONS BEFORE THE GENEVA CONFERENCE.



THE GREEN AND BRONZE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE PALAIS DES NATIONS, GENEVA, IN WHICH THE GENEVA CONFERENCE OPENED ON APRIL 26 TO DISCUSS FAR EASTERN PROBLEMS. THE CHAIRMANSHIP WAS TO BE TAKEN IN TURN BY THAILAND, RUSSIA AND GREAT BRITAIN.



WAITING TO GREET MR. MOLOTOV AT GENEVA: (L. TO R.) GENERAL NAM IL (NORTH KOREA), MR. CHOU EN-LAI, AND MR. CHANG WEN-TIEN, CHINESE AMBASSADOR TO MOSCOW.



MR. CEVAT AÇIKALIN, THE SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE TURKISH FOREIGN MINISTRY AND FORMERLY AMBASSADOR IN LONDON, ARRIVING FOR THE GENEVA CONFERENCE.



MR. R. G. CASEY, THE AUSTRALIAN FOREIGN MINISTER AND THE AUSTRALIAN REPRESENTATIVE AT THE GENEVA CONFERENCE, PHOTOGRAPHED ON ARRIVAL THERE.

The Geneva Conference on the Far East opened in the Palais des Nations at Geneva on April 26. It was attended by nineteen delegations: Great Britain, the United States, France, Russia; China, North Korea, South Korea, Australia, Belgium, Canada, Colombia, Ethiopia, Greece, Luxemburg, The Netherlands, New Zealand, the Philippines, Thailand and Turkey. After preliminary discussions between the Western Allies in Paris, Mr. Eden unexpectedly flew back from Paris

to London on April 24 and, after consultations with Sir Winston Churchill, the Prime Minister called a meeting at short notice of members of the Cabinet, the Service Ministers and the Chiefs of Staff on April 25, Mr. Eden later flying on to Geneva on the evening of the same day. Before the actual opening of the Conference, it is understood that Mr. Eden and Mr. Molotov reached agreement on the chairmanship, to be shared between Britain, Russia and Thailand.



# SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL ENDS HIS HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II.

"THE SECOND WORLD WAR: VOLUME VI., TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY"; By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THERE has been, I think, a longer interval between the last two volumes of Sir Winston Churchill's History of the War than there was between any two of the former volumes: it has been rather as though a massive and steadily progressing tank had been temporarily held up by an obstacle before reaching its objective. Heavy going was, in fact, encountered. Sir Winston, the statesman, resumed one of the chief burdens in the world, and the historian Churchill found himself chronicling a more complicated set of events, and newer and more frangible tensions, with the gulf steadily widening between us and our wartime allies in the Kremlin—himself, in office, compelled to weigh every word more carefully (if possible) than ever before.

The volume opens with the Normandy landings on D-Day, June 6, 1944: that was the beginning of the relentless pressure on all fronts which culminated in the unconditional surrender of the enemy, after Hitler's suicide and the murder of Mussolini. The panorama of the operations, and the development of the plans and discussions which preceded or accompanied them, are displayed with that masterly ease and firm grip which have long revealed Sir Winston as one of the greatest of all historical narrators. The outline of the story is familiar: but it is supplemented here with ample documents and, in places, with critical comments on political and military strategy which must for long give rise to controversy and speculation. Victory over the Germans and Italians and, ultimately and drastically, over the cornered Japanese, was complete. But events were already in train which revealed the victory rather as an episode than as an end. "I have called this volume 'Triumph and Tragedy,'" says Sir Winston, "because the overwhelming victory of the Grand Alliance has failed so far to bring general peace to our anxious world." That is putting it gently. The "peace-time" situation to-day is as grave as any in living memory.

Barely two months after the Normandy landings the mood and intentions of the "strange bedfellows" whom Fate had accorded us became blatantly clear. The summer offensive, in late July, brought the Russian armies to the Vistula, and General Bor, in command of the Polish Underground Army in Warsaw, 40,000 strong, decided that the time had come for a rising and the liberation of the city. "The sound of Russian guns across the Vistula could now be heard. The Soviet Air Force began bombing the Germans in Warsaw from recently captured airfields near the capital, of which the closest was only twenty minutes' flight away." At the same time a Communist Committee of National Liberation had been formed in Eastern Poland, and the Russians [we ourselves, and General Bor, were dealing with the legitimate Polish Government in London] announced that liberated territory would be placed under their control. Soviet broadcasting stations had for a considerable time been urging the Polish population to drop all caution and start a general revolt against the Germans. On July 29, three days before the rising began, the Moscow radio station broadcast an appeal from the Polish Communists to the people of Warsaw, saying that the guns of liberation were now within hearing, and calling upon them as in 1939 to join battle with the Germans, this time for decisive action. "For Warsaw, which did not yield but fought on, the hour of action has already arrived." After pointing out that the German plan to set up defence points would result in the gradual destruction of the city, the broadcast ended by reminding the inhabitants that "all is lost that is not saved by active effort," and that "by direct active struggle in the streets, houses, etc., of Warsaw the moment of final liberation will be hastened and the lives of our brethren saved."

On the evening of July 31 the Underground command in Warsaw got news that Soviet tanks had broken into the German defences east of the city. The German military wireless announced: "To-day the Russians started a general attack on Warsaw from the south-east." Russian troops were now at points less than ten miles away. In the capital itself the Polish Underground command ordered a general insurrection at 5 p.m. on the following day.

At 5 p.m. the battle for the city was on and 1,000,000 inhabitants were engulfed in the fight. "The news reached London next day, and we anxiously waited for more. The Soviet radio was silent and Russian air activity ceased." Supplies by air were urgently implored. The Prime Minister telegraphed to Stalin saying that, subject to weather, about 60 tons of equipment and ammunition were being dropped in Warsaw, and that the Poles appealed for Russian aid.

exterminated by the Nazis, in order to leave the ground clear for the Russian tools when the Russians walked in, which they could quite easily do. Mr. Churchill desperately telegraphed President Roosevelt: "An episode of profound and far-reaching gravity is created by the Russian refusal to permit American aircraft to bring succour to the heroic insurgents in Warsaw, aggravated by their own complete neglect to provide supplies by air when only a few score miles away. If, as is almost certain, a wholesale massacre follows the German triumph in that capital no measure can be put upon the full consequences that will arise." A joint appeal to Stalin followed. Stalin's brutally cold-blooded reply included the sentence: "Sooner or later the truth about the group of criminals who have embarked on the Warsaw adventure in order to seize power will become known to everybody." The dreadful and

heroic tale of the struggle is fully documented in Sir Winston's pages. In mid-September "the Russians occupied the Praga suburb, but went no farther. They wished to have the non-Communist Poles destroyed to the full, but also to keep alive the idea that they were going to their rescue"—in other words, the massacre was as calculated as that years before, of the 7000 Polish officers in the forest at Katyn. For two full months Warsaw fought the Germans and famine. "On the evening of October 2, Premier Mikolajczyk came to tell me that the Polish forces in Warsaw were about to surrender to the Germans. One of the last broadcasts from the heroic city was picked up in London: 'This is the stark truth. We were treated worse than Hitler's satellites, worse than Italy, Rumania, Finland. May God, Who is just, pass judgment on the terrible injustice suffered by the Polish nation, and may He punish accordingly all those who are guilty. . . . Immortal is the nation that can muster such universal heroism. For those who have died have conquered, and those who live on will fight on, will conquer and again bear witness that Poland lives when the Poles live'" —which last few words are, I believe, a line from the National Anthem, written at another dreadful moment of Polish history.

"These words," says Sir Winston, "are indelible. The struggle in Warsaw had lasted more than sixty days. Of the 40,000 men and women of the Polish Underground Army about 15,000 fell. Out of a population of a million nearly 200,000 had been stricken. The suppression of the revolt cost the German Army 10,000 killed, 7000 missing, and 9000 wounded. The proportions attest the hand-to-hand character of the fighting. When the Russians entered the city three months later they found little but shattered streets and the unburied dead. Such was their liberation of Poland, where they now rule. But this cannot be the end of the story."

The war had to go on in spite of the sad fate of Mr. Stalin's "group of criminals." There were stern campaigns ahead; more meetings; the Yalta Conference, with its cheerful junketings with "Uncle Joe," whose expanding smile was the smile on the face of the tiger. But over all, as we read in retrospect—though, at times, as the military conflict reached intense heights, our eyes were concentrated elsewhere—looms increasingly the shadow which is over us all, until we come to the chapter towards the end which is headed "Growing Friction with Russia." The story is told here of Mr. Churchill's unavailing efforts to get his American allies to agree to certain measures which would have checked the Russians. There is no space to describe them here. The reader can only be commended to Sir Winston's full and far-seeing pages—as also for the early story of the Atom Bomb.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 726 of this issue.

## THE SPEKE MEMORIAL NEAR OWEN FALLS.



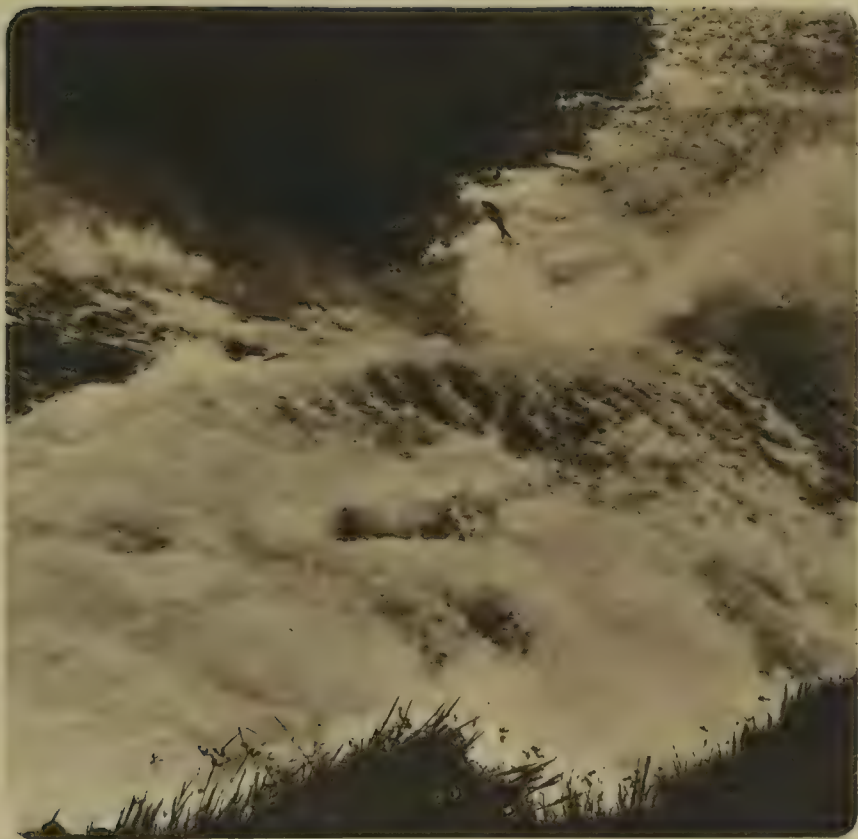
THE TABLET WHICH STANDS NOT FAR FROM OWEN FALLS AND BESIDE THE RIPON FALLS IN WHICH THE WHITE NILE EMERGES FROM LAKE VICTORIA—AND RECORDS THEIR DISCOVERY IN 1862 BY J. H. SPEKE. THE RIPON FALLS NO LONGER EXIST OWING TO THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE OWEN FALLS HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME, WHICH HER MAJESTY WAS TO OPEN ON APRIL 29.

The source of the Victoria Nile, which, after passing through Lake Albert, becomes the White Nile, is at the north end of Lake Victoria. It was discovered by John Hanning Speke in 1862, who christened the "stones" (as they were then called by the Baganda) Ripon Falls in honour of a President of the Royal Geographic Society. Of the scene, he wrote in his Journal: "The falls, about 12 ft. deep and 400 to 500 ft. broad, were broken by rocks. . . . It was a sight that attracted one to it for hours—the roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger fish, leaping at the falls with all their might. . . ."; and later, "this day also I spent watching the fish flying at the falls, and felt as if I only wanted a wife and family, garden and yacht, rifle and rod, to make me happy here for life, so charming was the place." Photographs of the neighbourhood of Ripon Falls and Owen Falls to-day, illustrating the great new dam and power-station, appear on other pages of this issue.

"The reply was prompt and grim." Stalin said that "the information which has been communicated to you by the Poles is greatly exaggerated and does not inspire confidence." The Russian armies stayed put: not a finger was moved by them to help the Poles: the British organised an expensive airlift all the 700 miles from Italy. On August 16 Vyshinsky asked the American Ambassador in Moscow to call and, as Sir Winston says, "read out the following astonishing statement: 'The Soviet Government cannot of course object to English or American aircraft dropping arms in the region of Warsaw, since this is an American and British affair. But they decidedly object to American or British aircraft, after dropping arms in the region of Warsaw, landing on Soviet territory, since the Soviet Government do not wish to associate themselves either directly or indirectly with the adventure in Warsaw.'" The situation was plain: it was the Russian wish that the cream of the Poles remaining in Poland (150,000 of them had escaped and were fighting gallantly on other fronts) should be

\* "The Second World War: Vol. VI., Triumph and Tragedy." By Winston S. Churchill. Maps and Diagrams. (Cassell; 30s.)





AT THE BIRTH OF THE NILE: A BARBEL ATTEMPTING TO LEAP THE EASTERNMOST CASCADE OF THE RIPON FALLS, WHERE THE VICTORIA NILE SWIRLS OUT OF LAKE VICTORIA.



THESE BARBEL CONGREGATE IN GREAT NUMBERS AT THE FOOT OF THE RIPON FALLS BUT ALWAYS FAIL TO JUMP THIS FALL, REACHING THE LAKE BY THE WESTERN RAPID.



THE MIGHT OF THE INFANT NILE, AS IT POURS OVER RIPON FALLS FROM THE NAPOLEON GULF OF LAKE VICTORIA, ON ITS WAY TO THE OWEN FALLS, TWO MILES BELOW.

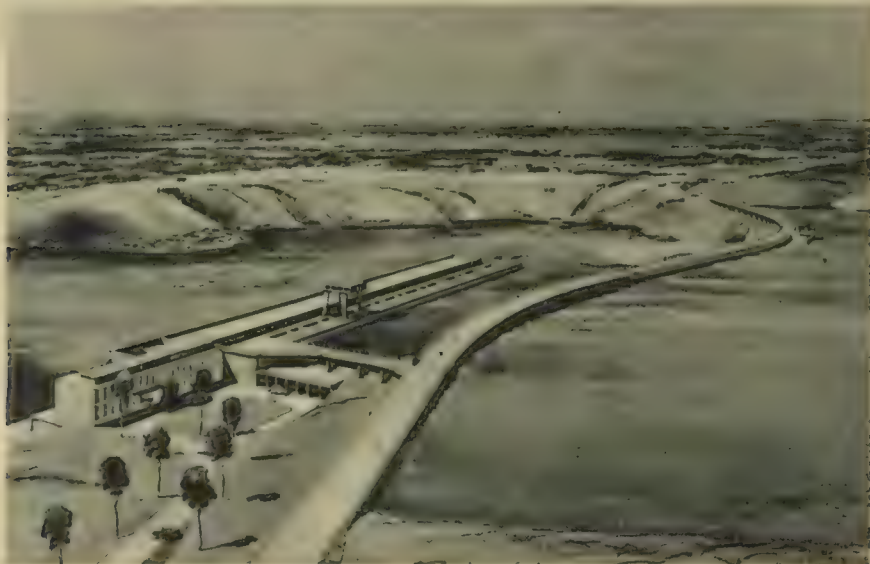
#### THE SOURCE OF THE NILE, NOW TRANSFORMED BY THE OWEN FALLS SCHEME: THE RIPON FALLS AND THEIR LEAPING BARBEL.

At its northern extremity, Lake Victoria, the world's second largest freshwater lake, narrows to the Napoleon Gulf, and the first waters of the Nile pour out between a few islands in the swift, sinister torrent of Ripon Falls, near which, to the east, stands the town of Jinja. About a mile below, the river narrows and is spanned by a combined road and rail bridge linking Jinja and Kampala. This road bridge is now being abandoned. A further mile below is the series of cascades and rapids called Owen Falls, after that Major "Roddy" Owen who won the Grand National

on *Father O'Flynn* in 1892. At the lowest point of the falls the new dam and power-station span the river. At the Egyptian Government's request and cost, this dam is a metre higher than was necessary for hydro-electric purposes—to help control Nile irrigation. The holding back of the waters by the dam means that Owen Falls and Ripon Falls disappear, Lake Victoria is brought forward in an arm to the dam, and the effective first waters of the Nile are now those which spout through the sluices of the main dam.



# OWEN FALLS: THE GREAT DAM THE QUEEN WAS TO OPEN ON APRIL 29.



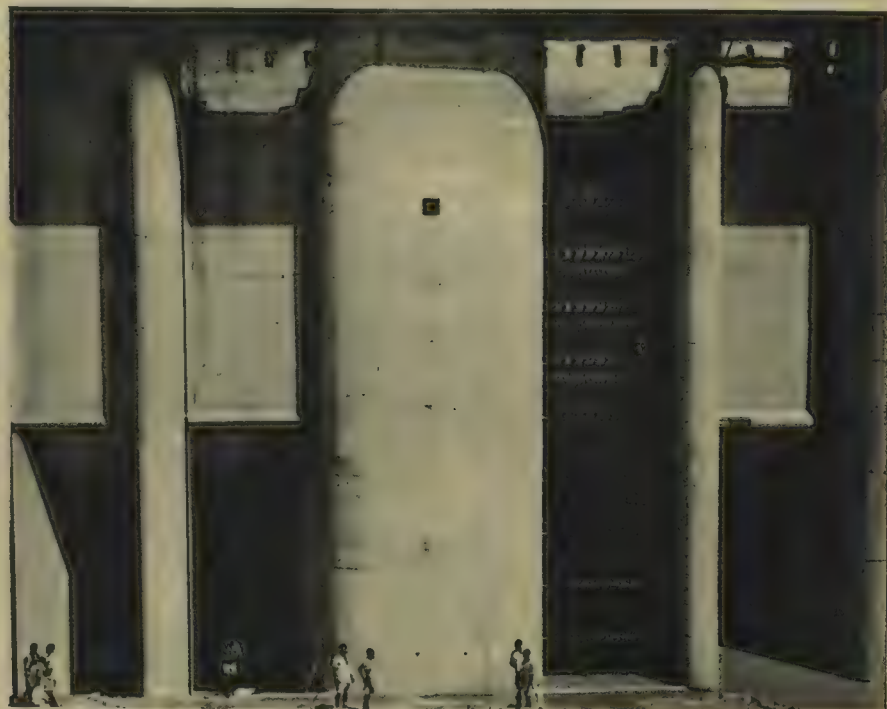
THE OWEN FALLS DAM AND POWER-STATION—AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE COMPLETED PROJECT, FROM THE WEST BANK OF THE NILE, SHOWING THE NEW ROAD BRIDGE.



THE DOWNSTREAM SIDE OF THE MAIN DAM FROM THE EAST: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION. THE SLUICES THROW THE WATER 100 FT. OUT TO AVOID EROSION OF THE RIVER BED.



A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN JANUARY THIS YEAR, SHOWING ALMOST THE SAME ASPECT AS THE IMPRESSION ABOVE, RIGHT. THE MAXIMUM LABOUR FORCE WAS ABOUT 3000.



INTAKES WHICH CONDUCT THE WATERS OF THE NILE TO THE TURBINES OF THE OWEN FALLS POWER-STATION: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN LAST NOVEMBER BEFORE FLOODING.



THE OWEN FALLS AS THEY WERE TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO. THEY ARE NOW SUBMERGED BY THE NEW SCHEME. IN THE FOREGROUND, NATIVE FISH WEIRS CAN BE SEEN.

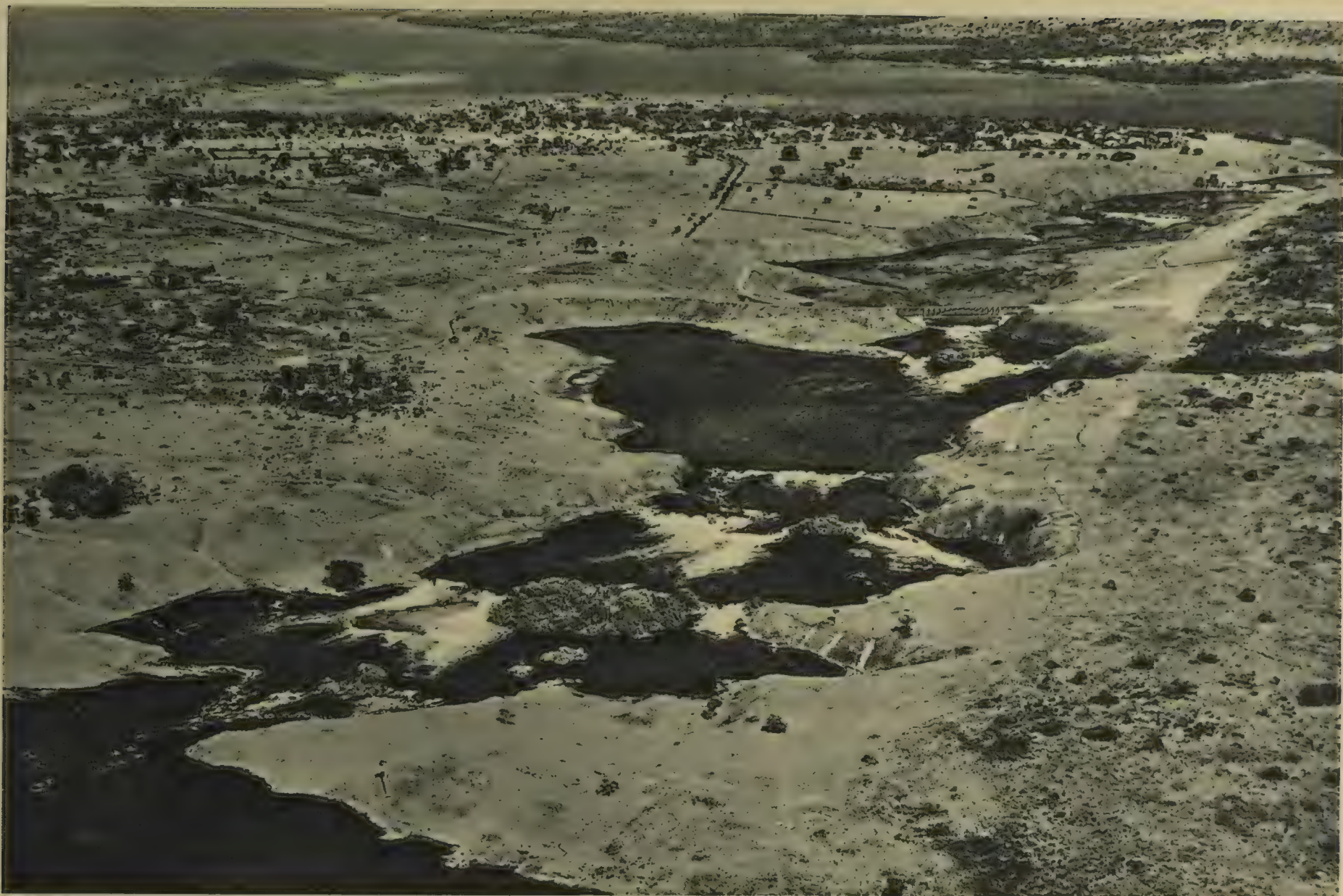
As long ago as 1904 the idea of erecting a hydro-electric station at the Ripon Falls—where the infant Nile pours out of Lake Victoria—was visualised; and after he had seen the site in 1907, Sir (then Mr.) Winston Churchill, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, was fired by this idea and wrote in "My African Journey": "It would be perfectly easy to harness the whole river and let the Nile begin its long and beneficent journey to the sea by leaping through a turbine. It is possible that nowhere else in the world could so enormous a mass of water be held up by so little masonry." At this time, however, the need for electricity did not seem urgent, and the first effective step was not taken until 1947, when, at the Uganda Government's request, Mr. C. R. Westlake, the present chairman of the Uganda Electricity Board (which administers the scheme), submitted a report. A detailed construction report was made in 1948 (the year



THE RAIL AND ROAD BRIDGE OVER THE NILE BETWEEN OWEN AND RIPON FALLS. THE LOWER (ROAD) BRIDGE IS NOW SUPERSEDED BY "THE CHURCHILL WAY" OVER THE DAM.

of the formation of the Electricity Board) by Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners and Messrs. Kennedy and Donkin. Contracts were let in 1948 and 1949, and the civil engineering work has been carried out by an international company made up of four British and four Dutch contractors. The scheme is expected to have a total cost of about £22,000,000 up to 1956, and eventually ten turbines will be installed, each with a 15,000-kilowatt capacity. At present six turbines are being installed and others will be added as the demand develops. The total length of the dam is 2500 ft., and it carries a road over the river which will be called the Churchill Way. Uganda is already rich and its potential riches are vast. It has, however, neither coal nor oil, and in consequence hydro-electric power will be of immense value to it in developing its natural resources. (The two artists' impressions are reproduced by courtesy of the Uganda Electricity Board.)





THE SITE OF THE OWEN FALLS HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME, WHICH THE QUEEN ARRANGED TO OPEN ON APRIL 29—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR BEFORE ANY WORK WAS PUT IN HAND. THE POWER-STATION NOW STANDS ON THE SPUR IN THE FOREGROUND, THE MAIN DAM IN THE NARROWS, IMMEDIATELY LEFT OF THE SPUR.



THE OWEN FALLS SCHEME AS IT WILL BE WHEN ABSOLUTELY COMPLETE. ACROSS THE DAM AND BEHIND THE POWER-STATION RUNS THE NEW BRIDGE—"THE CHURCHILL WAY." IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE IS THE JINJA-KAMPALA RAIL BRIDGE AND, BEYOND, THE LEVELS OF LAKE VICTORIA AND THE VANISHED RIPON FALLS.

"WHAT FUN TO MAKE THE IMMEMORIAL NILE BEGIN ITS JOURNEY BY DIVING THROUGH A TURBINE!"

So wrote Sir Winston Churchill in 1908 of his visit to the source of the White Nile in Lake Victoria during his African tour as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies; when he gave three pieces of advice to Uganda and the British Government: to harness the Nile to produce electricity; to build a railway through the heart of the land; and to look after the cotton, which should make Uganda's fortune. Cotton is now the main source of Uganda's prosperity; a railway is even now being built westwards to the Belgian Congo; and on April 29 fell the date for her Majesty to open the Owen Falls power-station and dam which

harness the Nile and will shortly produce 150,000 kilowatts of electricity. Our upper photograph (reproduced by courtesy of the Aircraft Operating Company of Africa) shows the whole locale. At the extreme northern point of Lake Victoria the waters of the lake sweep over the Ripon Falls to become the Victoria Nile (the first stage of the White Nile). Left of them (on the photograph) lies Jinja, and below the Jinja-Kampala rail bridge lie the series of falls and rapids collectively called the Owen Falls, in the lowest of which a rocky spur limits the Nile to 500 ft. Here now stands the main dam.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## TRUANT FROM ABBOTSWOOD.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ON Easter Sunday I played truant. It had been well advertised locally that on that day the gardens at Abbotswood were to be open

to the public, in aid of the National Gardens Scheme. A day or two earlier in the week I had met Mrs. Harry Ferguson, who told me that the garden was looking too lovely—which I could well believe. "You must come," she said, and then added, "Come any day." That last was a kindly thought. To me any day would be preferable to the day. I'd gladly run a mile to avoid a crowd. So, instead of going to Abbotswood on Sunday I went a-fishing. "Bad man," you may say, "to go fishing on a Sunday, and Easter Sunday at that." Not a bit of it. It had been so bitterly cold on the Thursday that there would have been no chance whatever of catching fish to eat on Good Friday, so I did the best I could by catching fish on Easter Day to eat on Bank Holiday. Incidentally, we made do on Good Friday with a gobbet of Wye salmon, which proved a not-too-bad substitute for Cotswold trout. As my son and I came down the hill from Stow-on-the-Wold on our way to the two little stream-fed trout lakes, we looked out across the Abbotswood parkland and caught sight of an extensive and crowded car park near the garden. That and the well-organised traffic control at the Abbotswood lower entrance gates had almost the appearance of a popular race-meeting. A good omen for the National Gardens Scheme.

And so on to an hour or two of almost complete solitude and enchanting wildness by the waterside. We saw only one human being, a man in the distance, with a nice brown dog. We watched a grass-snake swimming fast and with exquisite grace near a reed bed in the lower lake, and there was much noisy coming and going among the wild duck. And the trouts? My host had warned me over the telephone that I was coming much too early in the season. But thanks to warm sunshine a fair number of fish were rising and I caught six sizeable and extremely lively trouts, and one little fellow, too young and innocent to die. In the traditional manner I smacked his bottom and put him back, to do a bit of growing.

Now, any day now, having successfully played truant to Abbotswood's D-day, I shall go there, armed with the entrance money that I ought to have taken on Sunday, and enjoy the garden on the quiet. Some of my family who went on Sunday said that they had never seen it looking so lovely, especially the flowering trees and shrubs—cherries, crabs and the rest—the narcissi in the grass and the sheets of blue anemones. With them went an Australian relative and his wife, recently arrived for a six-months visit to England—their first. It was good to be able to show them one of England's most famous gardens, looking its very best at its best time of year, on a perfect spring day, warm and sunny, and with the birds singing their hearts out.

There is one tree at Abbotswood to which I always like to go and pay my respects. This is a sizeable specimen of that rare conifer, Brewer's Weeping Spruce—*Picea breweriana*. I call the Abbotswood specimen sizeable, although it is not more than perhaps 20 or 25 ft. tall. In nature it grows up to 120 ft. high. I have seen taller specimens of Brewer's Spruce at Exbury, but it is only very rarely that one sees it at all. The branches of this spruce droop from the

main trunk in most elegant, weeping curves, and are clothed with heavy, drooping fringes of long, slender, green, cord-like foliage. A native of the Siskiyou Mountains of Oregon and California at an altitude of about 7000 ft., it is of rare and local occurrence.

Brewer's Spruce first arrived in this country in 1897, a single specimen sent to Kew by Professor Sargent. This tree first bore cones in 1920. Since then other specimens have seeded, notably at Exbury. In spite of all the lavish colour at Abbotswood, tree and shrub blossom in spring and leaf brilliance in autumn, I always find myself percolating towards the relatively sombre single specimen of Brewer's Spruce. It's a tree which fascinates me. Among the flowering shrubs at Abbotswood there is a particularly fine form of the pigmy almond which I have always known by the specific name *Amygdalus nana*, but which is

first that I had was, as I discovered to my disgust, a grafted specimen, and so never ran around to form a little forest as is the plant's natural

habit. There is a white-flowered variety which I have never seen and which hunch advises me not to seek. But here hunch may be wrong. The special form of *Amygdalus nana*—alias *Prunus tenella*—which I have seen at Abbotswood is a great improvement on the ordinary form, having slightly larger flowers of a deeper, richer pink. It is the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening," by the by, which calls this species *Prunus tenella*. In the latest edition of Bean's "Trees and Shrubs" it is given as *Prunus nana*, the Russian Dwarf Almond, with *Prunus tenella* as a synonym, and *Amygdalus nana* another synonym. I think the form at Abbotswood

is probably the variety *gessleriana*, which Bean describes: "Flower large,  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. across; the finest form of this species." Bean also says of the species that it is "frequently grafted on plum and is short-lived in consequence."

When I migrated from Hertfordshire to the Cotswolds in 1946, it was, I suppose, only to be expected that I should have a certain number of plant casualties. One which I regret more than most was a particularly lovely form of *Narcissus triandrus*, which was given to me by the late C. W. James, that great plantsman and garden-lover-without-a-garden. Where he got it from or what its particular name was—if any—I never knew. Most probably he collected it in the wild and farmed it on to some gardening friend, and so was able to distribute it among other friends from time to time. I wonder, by the by, how many Narcissus enthusiasts to-day know the origin of the name of that particularly lovely variety called "Angel's Tears"? Many seem to think, if they stop to think about it at all, that it is a somewhat fanciful name which should be spelt "angels' tears," whereas the spelling should be "Angel's tears," with a capital "A," for the flower's namesake was a real person, without wings. I got the story straight from the horse's mouth about fifty years ago, in South Africa of all unlikely places. Soon after I landed at the Cape I went by train to Stellenbosch, and shared a Cape-cart from the station to the hotel with an old gentleman who was obviously interested in flowers and horticulture generally. I soon discovered that it was the great Mr. Barr, the founder, I think, of the famous bulb firm. He was on a sort of world tour. That evening he told me a great deal about his various plant-collecting expeditions in Spain, the Pyrenees and elsewhere, in quest chiefly of Narcissus species. It was on one such expedition that he discovered and collected Narcissus "Angel's Tears." Accompanied by a local guide and his son,



"ANGEL'S TEARS": A PARTICULARLY LOVELY VARIETY OF *NARCISSUS TRIANDRUS ALBUS*. IN THIS ARTICLE MR. ELLIOTT TELLS THE TRUE STORY OF THIS PLANT'S COLLECTION AND THE OCCASION WHICH CAUSED ANGEL TO SHED COPIOUS TEARS. (Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.)

now called *Prunus tenella*. The type most commonly grown in gardens is a slender, twiggy, 2-3-ft. shrub of running habit, gay with pretty little, bright rose-pink blossoms in April-May. When grown on its own roots—as it should be—it suckers about, springing up thinly to form a miniature grove. It should therefore be given, if possible, a few yards of territory in which to do this. The ground beneath the almond grove makes an ideal place in which to grow small bulbs, crocus species, scillas, chionodoxas, and the blue anemones, *apennina*, *blanda*, and the blue forms of the wood anemone, *A. nemorosa*. But in buying this charming and rather uncommon little almond, insist on having a specimen growing on its own roots. The

he found this treasure after a long and exhausting climb. The precious collected bulbs were given to the guide's son to carry, and later in the day it was discovered that the wretched boy, whose name was Angel, had left them behind, far up the mountain. Great was father's wrath at the lad's carelessness, and great was Angel's tribulation when father commanded him to go back and retrieve the bulbs—or . . . In fact, poor Angel shed copious tears at the awful prospect of a long, lonely tramp back at the end of a long and tiring day. He went, however, and he brought down the bulbs, which were named most appropriately after real tears really shed by the son of a mountain guide.



## PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY—1954.



"SAW OHN NYUN—V"; BY SIR GERALD KELLY, P.R.A. A PORTRAIT OF AN OUTSTANDINGLY BEAUTIFUL BURMESE DANCING-GIRL.

ON VIEW AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: A NOTABLE EXHIBIT BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

On this page—the first of our section devoted to exhibits in the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1954, which opens at Burlington House to-day, May 1—we reproduce one of the paintings which the President, Sir Gerald Kelly, is showing. It is an example of the Burmese subjects for which he is well known, a portrait—the fifth he has painted of this particular girl—of a Burmese dancer. Sir Gerald,

who is one of our best-known portrait artists, has been P.R.A. since 1949; and it will be remembered that he painted the State portraits of T.M. King George VI. and his consort Queen Elizabeth, in 1945. Two other portraits by him from this year's Royal Academy are reproduced on subsequent pages. Sir Gerald was born in 1879, was elected A.R.A. in 1922 and R.A. in 1930.

*Reproduced by permission of Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A.*



# PORTRAITS, LANDSCAPE AND SUBJECT PICTURES: AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



"THE ANTIQUE SHOP, HOLLAND STREET"; BY JOHN COLE, A PAINTER WHO HAS MADE A SPECIALITY OF PICTURES OF LONDON SHOP-WINDOWS.



"HATTERS"; BY A. K. BROWNING. A BUSY INDUSTRIAL SCENE PRESENTED WITH A GREAT FEELING FOR DESIGN AND RHYTHMICAL ARRANGEMENT.



"J. W. WOLSLEY"; BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A. A PORTRAIT OF A HIGHLY DETERMINED LITTLE BOY BY A DISTINGUISHED PAINTER.



"H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE AND THE EARL OF ATHLONE, KENSINGTON PALACE, FEBRUARY 1954"; BY NORMAN HEPPLE, A.R.A. ELECT.



"HEAD OF A YOUNG WOMAN"; BY NORMAN HEPPLE, ONE OF THE TWO NEW A.R.A.'S WHOSE ELECTION HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED.



"ROMAN BRIDGE, NORTH WALES"; BY ADRIAN MAPPLE. A HIGHLY ROMANTIC LANDSCAPE PAINTED IN FORMALISED STYLE.



"PANDIT NEHRU"; BY EDWARD HALLIDAY. A PORTRAIT OF THE INDIAN STATESMAN, APPOINTED PRIME MINISTER AND MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, 1947.

The portraits of Royal and distinguished persons on view at the Royal Academy Exhibition which opens to the public to-day, May 1, at Burlington House, include the Conversation Piece by Norman Hepple (one of the two new A.R.A.'s whose election was announced last week), showing H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone in Kensington Palace in February 1954, the month in which they celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. Princess Alice is a daughter of the 1st Duke of Albany. Other notable portraits include

that of Pandit Nehru, the Indian statesman, seated in his study, by Edward Halliday; and Dame Laura Knight's painting of an exceedingly determined little boy. John Cole has in the past painted several studies of London shop-windows, and in this year's exhibition he is showing more than one picture of this favourite subject. Industrial scenes provide contemporary artists with congenial subjects, and A. K. Lawrence has made a decorative group out of the activities in a hatter's factory.



# THE ROYAL ACADEMY, FINE PAINTINGS ON VIEW AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.



"THE CHÂTEAU FARM, ANTICHAMP"; BY SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL FLINT, R.A., A MASTERLY WATER-COLOUR IN THIS ARTIST'S WELL-KNOWN AND DISTINGUISHED MANNER.



"THE HILL MOKES"; BY DAME LAURA KNIGHT, D.B.E., R.A., ONE OF THE GIPSY SUBJECTS IN WHICH THIS CELEBRATED WOMAN PAINTER HAS OFTEN FOUND INSPIRATION.



"NEWMARKET INCIDENT—THE RUNAWAY"; BY SIR ALFRED MUNNINGS, PAST PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY. SIR ALFRED'S EXHIBITS INCLUDE PAINTINGS OF HORSES IN HIS WELL-KNOWN MANNER AND ALSO A LANDSCAPE.



"JAMAICAN CHILD"; BY DOD PROCTER, R.A., ONE OF THE SMALL COMPANY OF WOMEN ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.



"TREES AND ROCKS"; BY W. T. MONNINGTON, R.A., WHO IS A MEMBER OF THE STAFF OF THE SLADE SCHOOL.



"FRENCH PEOPLE TALKING AND DRINKING"; BY COSMO CLARK, A.R.A., A CONTINENTAL CAFÉ SCENE, PAINTED WITH VERY GREAT BRILLIANCE AND VERVE.

The subject pictures and landscapes reproduced on this page, on view in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition, are by well-known painters, a Past President of the R.A., Academicians and Associates, and include works by Dame Laura Knight, D.B.E., and Mrs. Dod Procter, two of the small company of women Royal Academicians. Sir Alfred Munnings, Past President of the R.A., is

represented by more than one of his racehorse and sporting pictures, and also by an example of his art as a landscape painter. Sir William Russell Flint's mastery over the difficult medium of water-colour is well illustrated by the example which we reproduce; and the study of a Continental Café by Cosmo Clark is literally a "conversation" piece, painted with remarkable skill.



# THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1954: WORKS BY THE PRESIDENT, ACADEMICIANS AND ASSOCIATES.



"RIVERSIDE PICNIC"; BY PHILIP CONNARD, C.V.O., R.A., WHO IS REPRESENTED BY WORKS IN MANY MUSEUMS AT HOME, ON THE CONTINENT AND IN AUSTRALIA.



"FRYING TO-NIGHT"; BY JAMES FITTON, ELECTED A ROYAL ACADEMICIAN THIS YEAR. HE IS REPRESENTED BY WORKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



"THE ARRIVAL AT THE ABBEY"; BY CHARLES CUNDALL, R.A., SHOWING THE STATE COACH, WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH II., OUTSIDE THE WEST DOOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON CORONATION DAY, 1953.



"WENDY AND PAM"; BY ANTHONY DEVAS, A.R.A. AN ATTRACTIVE GROUP OF TWO LITTLE GIRLS WITH BICYCLES, SET IN A TYPICALLY ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.



(LEFT.) "JOSEPHINE"; A PORTRAIT BY PETER GREENHAM, A.R.A., ASSISTANT MASTER, BYAM SHAW SCHOOL OF ART.

THE 186th Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts is due to open to the public to-day, Saturday, May 1, after the Private View arranged for Friday, April 30. On these pages we reproduce a selection of paintings on view by the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Gerald Kelly, and by Royal Academicians and Associates of the Royal Academy. This year the exhibits include several works which recall the great event of 1953, the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. on June 2. Charles Cundall's painting of the Royal arrival at Westminster Abbey shows the splendid scene in considerable detail, and depicts the State Coach, in which her Majesty drove to the Abbey, outside the specially built annexe to the West Door of the famous edifice. As usual at Burlington House, there are numerous portraits of distinguished men and women on view, for, indeed, the art of portraiture has always flourished in this country. The President, Sir Gerald Kelly, is showing portraits of Sir John Forsdyke, the distinguished scholar and antiquarian, who was

(Continued opposite.)



(RIGHT.) "SIR HARRY JEFFCOTT"; BY SIR GERALD KELLY, R.A.



(LEFT.) "SIR JOHN FORSDYKE, R.A.," DIRECTOR AND PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM FROM 1936-1950; BY SIR GERALD KELLY, R.A.

Museum from 1936-50, and of Sir Harry Jeffcott, chairman and managing director, Glasco Laboratories, Ltd., and President of the F.R.I.C. in 1953. Dame Felicity Peake, D.B.E., who sat to Anthony Devas, will be remembered for her excellent war service as Director of the W.A.A.F. from 1946-49 and of the W.R.A.F. from its inception in 1949 until she retired in 1950. Algernon Newton is represented by landscapes in his particular and extremely distinguished idiom, which seems to distil the very essence of the English countryside. James Fitton, who was elected a Royal Academician this year, is showing, among other paintings, the scene "Frying To-night," showing a poor urban street with the activities in the fried-fish shop viewed through the plate-glass window. Richard Eurich, celebrated for his war pictures, is represented by, among other paintings, the delightful portrait of a child with a cat, which we reproduce. Eric Kennington, R.A., is exhibiting several of his well-characterised portraits, including that of Sir Henry Allan Steward. Sir Henry, who was born in 1865, became chairman of the Tramways Charges Advisory Committee in 1920. He was a Governor of Tonbridge School, Skinner's School, Judd School, Tonbridge and Northampton Polytechnic Institute.

(RIGHT.) "SIR HENRY EVANS," PRINCIPAL OF THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES; BY HENRY LAMB, R.A.



(Continued.) Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum.



(LEFT.) "GOVERNOR OF SINGAPORE," SIR FRANKLIN GIMSON, WHO HELD THAT POST FROM 1946-52; BY A.R. THOMSON, R.A.

(RIGHT.) "THE TORTOISE-SHELL CAT"; BY RICHARD EURICH, R.A., A DELIGHTFUL EXAMPLE OF CHILD PORTRAITURE.



"THE CUMULUS CLOUD"; BY ALGERNON NEWTON, R.A. AN EXAMPLE OF THIS ARTIST'S CALM AND DISTINGUISHED LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS.



(RIGHT.) "DAME FELICITY PEAKE, D.B.E."; BY ANTHONY DEVAS, A.R.A. THE SITTER WAS DIRECTOR W.A.A.F. 1946-49, AND OF THE W.R.A.F. FROM 1949-50.



(LEFT.) "SIR HENRY ALLAN STEWARD," VICE-PRESIDENT, CITY AND GUILD OF LONDON INSTITUTE, 1950, MASTER OF THE SKINNERS' COMPANY, 1908-9; BY ERIC KENNINGTON, R.A.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. SPOONS OF THE WORLD.

By FRANK DAVIS.

TO most people spoons mean the familiar silver utensils which have been the normal currency of collecting for generations. I have just been browsing over other and far more varied types gathered together by Mr. H. F. Rieser which, when I saw them, were on loan at the Tea Centre, in Regent Street. It is an unusual collection which some would call ethnological;

German spoon in (I think) bone, engraved with a vehicle and four horses and bearing the legend: "I have four horses and a carriage. Now all I need is a beautiful young lady to drive in it with me"; and we can all hope that the practical young man who thought of this tactful gift obtained his heart's desire. Then there is the elaborate spoon of Fig. 3 (lower), believed to be Swiss; you will be able to make out the double heart below the shaped cup, and then, below the corkscrew part of the handle, a spinning-wheel, a little house with a stork (?) on the roof, then the date 1731, a table with a bowl, a decanter and a wine-glass, the carver's (or the young woman's) initials and finally—a pretty touch this—Adam and Eve and the Serpent, as a gentle hint that marriage is not necessarily a synonym for paradise. These and similar rustic whimsies are pleasant enough, but apt to cloy, and for my part I find the dozens of items from more barbarous lands considerably more stimulating. We experience the same phenomenon in our own families. Most children of six or seven produce drawings which, though crude and absurd, are full of vigour and acute observation, going straight to the point. By the time they are twelve they have generally become self-conscious, and in consequence produce nothing but tiresome insipidities. The African or Oceanic or North-West Indian savage tackles his carving like a child of seven—when he has been exposed to the blessings of civilisation he is liable to grow up with a similar insipid result, as witness three modern spoons made for the tourist trade amid a group of East African spoons all decorated with a simple geometric pattern. That is a lazy description which I would have applied without further thought to the tortoiseshell spoon of Fig. 2 (left) from the other side of the world—the Torres Straits—until I was asked to look again, when it became clear enough that the geometric pattern in each of the three compartments of the handle was composed of two pairs of stylised birds (frigate birds, apparently). Of the many pieces in which a natural shape has been utilised with great ingenuity, the North American Indian horn spoon of Fig. 2 (right) seemed to me as good as any. The material is goat's horn, decorated with a totem figure.

A group of snuff spoons from Africa were good to look at and practical in use, for while at one end was the small bowl, the other was either pointed or pronged like a comb, and the things were, in fact, carried in the hair. The handles were all long and nicely calculated to cope with the average pot of French mustard. As a *tour de force* the chain spoon of Fig. 1 from Rhodesia is impressive; what look like small joints in the photograph are, I am assured, merely indentations in the wood, and the whole thing has been carved out of one piece—art for art's sake indeed, and in its way

as remarkable as the rings or series of rings on a piece of Chinese jade.

The Barotse tribe of Northern Rhodesia, if one can judge by this collection, appears to take special pleasure in this kind of wood carving and, in addition, exercises a good deal of imagination in its decoration—one spoon, for example, has a twisted handle formed of two snakes whose jaws hold a human figure as a finial. Another handle is in the shape of a gun with a stool above it, another has a crocodile crawling along it. Skills are varied in the extreme—from the simplest of all, merely a shell with or without a scratched decoration, to a spoon from Bali with a female figure in which the natural grain of the wood is used to good effect, and one from the Philippines on which, above a woman and child, a ring is formed by a little acrobatic figure, to a modern European mind perhaps the oddest idea of all. But who are we to seek a reason? The carver may have merely wanted a ring as a finial so that the spoon could hang up on



FIG. 1. CARVED OUT OF ONE PIECE OF WOOD: A CHAIN SPOON FROM RHODESIA.

"As a *tour de force* the chain spoon . . . from Rhodesia is impressive; what look like small joints in the photograph are, I am assured, merely indentations in the wood, and the whole thing has been carved out of one piece . . ."

others might be tempted to gush over it as folk art; I, who run like a hare from anything or anyone remotely folksy or Morris Dancery, prefer to label it vaguely as a collection of spoons fashioned by primitive peoples, thus running grave risk of being hacked to death by claymores, for one of the most agreeable spoons to be seen is a horn spoon from Scotland, with a handle ending in an amethyst in the shape of a thistle. Nor, for that matter, do I suppose that our Norwegian friends will feel specially flattered if I should seem to correlate certain carved wooden spoons made by them with other spoons carved by African savages. On the other hand, a spoon ascribed to Korea of the earliest historical period (Fig. 3; top) and of silver, like four others of a similar type, is very far from primitive standards—any country at any period of time could well take pride in it. Presuming that the experts are agreed upon its place of origin, it seems to me yet one more proof of the singular nicety of taste shown by the Koreans of antiquity, a quality which is inherent in what remains of Korean pottery. It is ascribed to the *Silla* period, which leaves one with a margin of error of a mere thousand years (57 B.C.—A.D. 936).

Europe, in addition to Welsh and Scottish pieces, is represented by some agreeable sentimentalities, as for example an eighteenth-century



FIG. 2. A CARVED TORTOISESHELL-SPOON FROM THE TORRES STRAITS (LEFT); AND (RIGHT) A NORTH AMERICAN HORN SPOON.

The geometrical pattern in each of the three compartments of the handle of the Torres Straits spoon is composed of two pairs of highly stylised frigate birds. The North American goat's horn spoon is carved with a totem figure.

the wall; as he proceeded it may well have occurred to him that a plain ring was a trifle dull, but that an acrobat would be a joy for ever.

I imagine that for the learned in primitive beliefs and customs this sort of collection, ranging as it does the world over, offers inexhaustible possibilities for speculation and argument. It is no less interesting for those who find sufficient fascination in the infinite variety of man's ingenuity in fashioning for himself simple utensils which will be both serviceable and decorative. The puzzle is to decide for oneself just where the ethnologically interesting becomes the aesthetically satisfying—I would suggest in those cases where the natural shape of the material has not been tortured out of recognition, but I admit that as an axiom this is inadequate, partly because it is next to impossible for us to look into the mind of the man who did the carving. One parallel, though, does

occur to me from mediæval Europe—the Gothic carvings of the Virgin and Child with their extraordinary charm and high degree of sophistication. Analyse these for yourself and you find that their rhythms spring almost inevitably from the natural growth of a tree. Look closer still and you will probably discover that what seems to be distortion is no more than the carver's respect for the grain of the wood and his feeling for "treeness." This feeling is no doubt unconscious on his part, but it does account for the image he is making changing from a mere artifact into a work of art. That there are other considerations as well—religious belief, for example—does not, I think, invalidate this argument. There is, of course, nothing in this collection from the work of simple people to compare with such carvings, and in any case it contains household objects only. None the less, some of them appear to have been thought out with a similar understanding, however dim, of the possibilities and limitations inherent in their materials.



FIG. 3. A SILVER SPOON OF THE *SILLA* PERIOD, KOREAN 57 B.C.—A.D. 936 (TOP); AND (LOWER) A "LOVE" SPOON BELIEVED TO BE SWISS.

The elaborate "Love" Spoon bears a double heart below the shaped cup, and then, below the corkscrew part of the handle, a spinning-wheel, a little house with a stork (?) on the roof, the date 1731, a table with a bowl, a decanter and a wine-glass, initials, and, finally, Adam and Eve and the Serpent. The spoon ascribed to Korea of the earliest historical period "is very far from primitive standards—any country at any period of time could well take pride in it."

Reproductions by courtesy of H. F. Rieser.



# LANDSCAPES BY THE PRIME MINISTER, IN THIS YEAR'S ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE paintings reproduced on this page are two of the four works by the Prime Minister on view in this year's Royal Academy, which is due to open to the public to-day, Saturday, May 1. Sir Winston Churchill first exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1947; since when examples of his work have been annually on view at Burlington House; and in 1948 he was elected Hon. Royal Academician Extraordinary. In our record number, now on sale, price 10s. 6d., "Winston Churchill—Greatest Figure of Our Time," an Eightieth-Year Tribute to the Prime Minister, in which every facet of his astonishing genius is illustrated, two examples of his paintings are reproduced in colour, others—in monochrome; and one of the colour plates shows the Hon. Royal Academician Extraordinary actually at work painting a landscape in the South of France.

*Reproduced by permission of  
Sir Winston Churchill, K.G.,  
P.C., O.M., C.H., Hon. R.A.  
Extraordinary.*



"VALLEY IN THE ATLAS," 1950; BY THE RT. HON. SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G., P.C., O.M., C.H., HON. R.A. EXTRAORDINARY.



"CASSIS," 1920; BY THE RT. HON. SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, K.G., P.C., O.M., C.H., HON. R.A. EXTRAORDINARY.



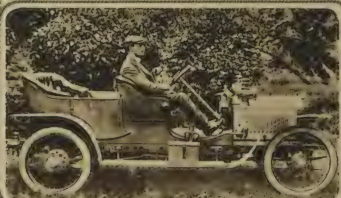
THE 50<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY OF THE MEETING OF ROLLS AND

## ROYCE—AN OCCASION THAT MADE ENGINEERING HISTORY.



THE HON. C. S. ROLLS  
1877-1910

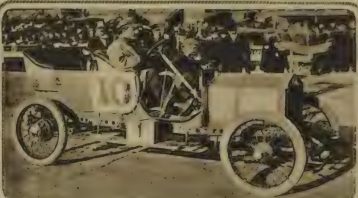
THE ROLLS OF ROLLS-ROYCE: A BUST OF THE HON. C. S. ROLLS, THIRD SON OF THE FIRST BARON LLANGATTOCK.



THE WINNER OF THE TOURIST TROPHY RACE IN THE ISLE OF MAN, 1906. ROLLS WITH HIS SPECIAL "LIGHT 20" ROLLS ROYCE, WHICH AVERAGED 30½ M.P.H. FOR THE COURSE.

FIFTY years ago, in May 1904, two extraordinary Englishmen met in Manchester and made engineering history. One was the Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls, already a balloonist and pioneer motorist, and the other was Frederick Henry Royce, who called himself to the very end "just a mechanic." Royce was a born mechanic, and most of his education was at the work-bench, being apprenticed in the Great Northern Locomotive Works at Peterborough in 1877, when he was only fourteen. Later he went to Liverpool, where he got a job as an electrician and learned thoroughly the secrets of electricity. In 1884 Royce started a business in Cook Street, Manchester, making electrical gadgets. His perfection of both dynamos and motors and their application to cranes first established the reputation of F. H. Royce.

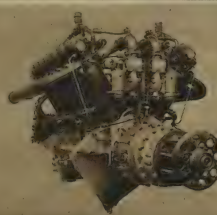
(Continued below, left.)



STRIPPED FOR RACING: THE "LIGHT 20" WITH WHICH ROLLS WON THE FIVE MILES SILVER TROPHY RACE AT YONKERS, U.S.A., IN 1906, AVERAGING 53 M.P.H.



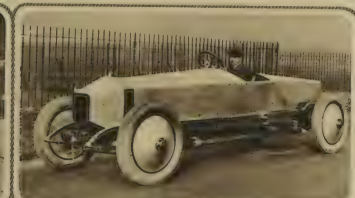
ROLLS THE AIRMAN: LAST OF HIS AEROPLANE BEFORE MAKING CROSSING OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL IN 1910.



(LEFT) ROYCE'S AERO-ENGINE WHICH POWERED BRITISH BOMBERS IN WORLD WAR I: THE 12-CYLINDER ENGINE OF 1914-15, AT FIRST IT DEVELOPED 235 H.P., WHICH LATER WAS RAISED TO 360 H.P., WITH THE THEN UNPRECEDENTED FLYING LIFE OF 150 HOURS.



IN A SILVER GHOST, 1908, WITH THE WRIGHT BROTHERS, THE FIRST MEN TO MAKE A POWERED FLIGHT: ROLLS AT THE WHEEL, WITH ORVILLE ON HIS LEFT AND WILBUR IN THE BACK SEAT, RIGHT.



THE FIRST MAN TO LAP BROOKLANDS AT 100 M.P.H.: MR. E. W. HIVES, NOW LORD HIVES, CHAIRMAN AND JOINT-MANAGING DIRECTOR OF ROLLS-ROYCE, LTD., IN A SPECIALLY STREAMLINED SILVER GHOST.

(Continued.) the average "four," allied to a phenomenal degree of silence. The men became firm friends and Royce agreed to manufacture a series of cars of which Rolls would become sole concessionaire. He exhibited them in his London showroom in Conduit Street, and in March 1906 a company known as Rolls-Royce, Ltd., was formed, with a capital of £50,000, of which Rolls subscribed £10,000. The most outstanding car was, of course, the 40-50-h.p. *Silver Ghost*, which continued in production as a basic type until 1925, and earned the undisputed title of the "Best Car in the World." Numerous successes in Tourist Trophy races in the Isle of Man put the words "Rolls-Royce" into the motoring headlines, and because of this, new works, to cater for the enormous demand for the car, were built at Derby in 1908. In 1910 Rolls' life was

(Continued below, right.)



SIR HENRY ROYCE  
1863-1933

THE DESIGNER AND MANUFACTURER OF THE FIRST ROYCE CAR, 1901: A BUST OF SIR HENRY ROYCE.



OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE AT WEST WITTERING, NEAR CHICHESTER, SUSSEX: ROYCE AT THE WHEEL OF HIS SILVER GHOST. FROM HERE A CONTINUOUS STREAM OF BLUEPRINTS FLOWED TO THE WORKS AT DERBY.

(Continued.) cut short tragically when, aged thirty-three, he was killed in a flying accident at Bournemouth. Meanwhile Royce continued to develop new ideas for the improvement of engines, and his genius for designing and construction resulted in the famous "R" engine, used in the bombers of World War I, and later in the Supermarine seaplane which won the Schneider Trophy outright for Britain in 1931. He died on April 22, 1933, aged seventy. The secret of his greatness as an engineer lay in that he never admitted anything was perfect or incapable of improvement: there were always several answers to a problem given the patience to seek for them. Since 1933 every Rolls-Royce leaving the factory has borne a mark of mourning for the death of its originator, for in that year the colour of the initials R-R on the radiator badge was permanently changed from red to black.

(Continued.) and Co., which later became Royce, Ltd. In 1899 Royce, Ltd., built a new works at Trafford Park, Manchester, with a capital of £30,000, for building electric cranes. Royce had bought his first car, a 10-h.p. *Deauville*, in 1903, but its noise and unreliability made him at once decide to build a car of his own. He made three two-cylinder, 10-h.p. experimental cars, and from the start their reliability was outstanding, particularly on the electrical side. Rolls, who had by that time begun a car-dealing business, had heard of the Royce car, but since he was accustomed to the high-powered cars then being built on the Continent, showed little interest at first in the idea of a 10-h.p. car. He was in search of a British make good enough to compete with the foreign cars. In 1904, however, he came to Manchester, he rode and he was conquered. To his amazement he found the little two-cylinder Royce car had the smoothness and even the pull of the

(Continued opposite, top, right.)



THE HON. CHARLES STEWART ROLLS, WHO WAS KILLED IN A FLYING ACCIDENT AT BOURNEMOUTH IN 1910.



AT THE CONTROLS OF HIS IL-FATED WRIGHT BIPLANE: ROLLS BEFORE THE FLIGHT WHICH ENDED IN HIS DEATH, AGED THIRTY-THREE.

A PIONEER OF FLYING: ROLLS IN A WRIGHT BIPLANE AT CALIFORNIA AERODROME, NICE, FRANCE. HE LIGHT-HEARTEDLY UNDERTOOK CYCLE-RACING, MOTOR-RACING AND BALLOONING, ALL NEW SPORTS WHICH APPEALED TO HIS PIONEERING SPIRIT.



(RIGHT) THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN HIGH-POWERED GAS TURBINES FOR JET AIRCRAFT: THE ROLLS-ROYCE AERO-ENGINE, AS FITTED IN THE VICKERS SUPERMARINE SWIFT, THE HAWKER HUNTER, THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC CANTERBURY AND THE VICKERS VALIANT.



THE FIRST AVIATOR TO MAKE A HUNDRED BALLOON ASCENTS, ROLLS, WHO WAS KNOWN AS THE "INTERFID AERONAUT," OFTEN CARRIED HIS SMALL BALLOON, THE "MIDGET," IN HIS BASKET ON THE BACK OF HIS ROLLS-ROYCE.



THE ORIGINAL 10-H.P. TWO-CYLINDER ROYCE ENGINE WHICH POWERED HIS FIRST CAR. IT HAD A BORE OF 55 MM. AND A STROKE OF 127 MM.



SIR FREDERICK HENRY ROYCE, BART., WHO DIED AT HIS HOME AT WEST WITTERING, SUSSEX, IN 1933, AGED SEVENTY.



**A**MIDST the natural anxiety about the hydrogen bomb there has been heard a note of hysteria and of wild reproach. This is not the best way in which to discuss the problem. Yet, when people follow the opposite line and write to the Press to say that this bomb is "just another weapon," I feel that they are equally at fault. The hydrogen bomb is more than "just another weapon" in a sense in which this could not be said even of the first atomic bombs. No previous weapon has so completely broken down the distinction between armed forces and the civil population in war; in fact, both the atomic bomb and the hydrogen bomb are many times more deadly to the latter than to the former. It has also recently been proved that even tests cannot be fully controlled. Moreover, the scientists tell us that the present stage is not final, and that still more powerful weapons will be produced in the near future. It seems that the prospect of the encirclement of the globe by atomic ashes or dust has now become more than a figment of the imagination. Yes, this is far more than "just another weapon."

I have recently sat day after day at a conference beside Professor Masao Tsuzuki, who directed the team of doctors examining and treating the fishermen of the *Fukuryu Maru* injured by the effects of the last explosion. The worst cases were in Tokyo University Hospital, the remainder of the crew of twenty-three in other hospitals. The interest of my experience was increased by the fact that my neighbour at the table was receiving progress reports from home. On April 12, five of the fishermen were in a critical condition, but they were showing slight signs of improvement and one who had been expected to die had survived. This may be assumed to be the case at the time of writing, because the death of any member of the crew of the *Fukuryu Maru* would be world news. Unfortunately, the effects are multiple and in part unseen at some stages, so that improvement now cannot be taken as a guarantee of cure, or even that there will not be terrible developments.

One piece of information which Professor Tsuzuki was unable to give was the distance of the trawler from the explosion. It was, however, estimated to be about ninety miles. Yet members of the crew were affected by acute "radiation sickness"—the first experience of this type. The so-called ashes, as a rule extremely small, were in this case far larger than usual, and in some cases clearly visible. The second cause of injury was exposure to gamma rays. The third was internal exposure to radio-activity through the skin and the respiratory and digestive passages. This may reach the bone and cause injury to the marrow within it. It must be noted that the little ship took some weeks to return to Japan and that the fishermen were naturally ignorant of precautionary measures such as immediate cleansing of skin and clothes. The photographs of the patients could not be described as horrible. The marks, especially on the head, were somewhat similar to those of the burning suffered by rash sunbathers, though more acute—large pimples had been raised on the backs of the hands. When, however, one knew even a little of their significance they caused a shudder. The ills may be hereditary.

Some lesser but still pretty grave consequences must not be overlooked. The extension of the danger area involved, as was pointed out by Professor Tsuzuki's colleague, Dr. Juji Enomoto, a heavy loss to the Japanese tuna-fishing industry. About 150 of the medium-sized boats—that is, of roughly 100 tons—normally fishing in this area, will have to cease doing so. Larger boats, operating farther south-east, will require two to three days longer for their passage out and home in order to avoid the danger zone. However, news of the accident was followed by a deep slump in the fish-markets, because people abstained from buying fish in fear of the consequences—and fish is a staple food of Japan. A few boat-owners were driven out of business. If this fear proves to be unfounded, the industry will doubtless revive again, under the handicaps described, but the above represents the state of affairs for at least some days after the accident.

In Swiss newspapers—I could obtain no English on the day in question—it was reported that some of the dust had reached India, though in innocuous form. I am unaware to what extent, if at all, this story has been scientifically confirmed. If it is, and if the new weapons awaiting test are as much more powerful than the last, as has been stated, I feel that there is grave cause for anxiety. One will in that case begin to doubt whether there remain any regions in the Pacific or elsewhere in which these tests can be made with

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE HYDROGEN BOMB.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

safety. The unscientific may be laughed at for foreseeing the possibility of this horror blowing all over the world, but, after all, it was the scientists themselves who made the mistake from which the crew of the *Fukuryu Maru* suffered. When I first heard about the accident my view was that it did not seem to afford a valid reason for cancelling further tests, but I have rather changed my mind now. It may now well be argued that, taking into account all the risks involved in tests, enough is known of the hydrogen bomb to make it possible and desirable to dispense with any more. If it is urged that more powerful bombs will be found I must ask what need there can be of them.

In time past invaluable international conventions or sets of rules for the limitation of war might emerge from Geneva or The Hague. Where war with such weapons as the hydrogen bomb is concerned, it has become clear that no effective limitation of this sort is any longer possible. A little may be done on a national scale to save a certain proportion of the population. Deep accommodation may be provided below modern buildings of reinforced concrete, for



"CIVILISATION LETS OUT THE ATOMIC GENIE: WILL IT BE POSSIBLE TO CONTROL IT IN THE FUTURE?"—THE GRIMLY PROPHETIC HEADLINE WHICH ON SEPTEMBER 29, 1945, WE SET OVER THE ABOVE ARTIST'S RECONSTRUCTION OF THE ACCOUNT BY GROUP CAPTAIN G. L. CHESHIRE, V.C., OF THE DROPPING ON NAGASAKI OF THE WORLD'S THIRD ATOMIC BOMB.

In our issue of September 29, 1945—eight-and-a-half years ago—we published a series of drawings graphically reconstructing the story told by Group Captain G. L. Cheshire, V.C. (one of the two British observers who watched the explosion of an atomic bomb on Nagasaki on August 9, 1945); and in the account we gave, we wrote: "The world's reaction to the releasing of the force of the atom is much that of Sindbad and other characters of fable, who have released gigantic uncontrollable genii from small bottles: How on earth can we put back the genie into the bottle and cork him securely in his prison?" These thoughts were aroused by the relatively small explosion of the uranium bomb which destroyed Nagasaki. Since then the power of the uranium bomb has grown by leaps and bounds; and it is in the armoury of three nations, America, Russia and Great Britain. But the atomic uranium bomb has now been far outstripped by the thermo-nuclear hydrogen bomb—possessed by two nations, America and Russia, and, as Captain Falls writes above: "It has also recently been proved that even tests cannot be fully controlled. Moreover, the scientists tell us that the present stage is not final, and that still more powerful weapons will be produced in the near future. It seems that the prospect of the encirclement of the globe by atomic ashes or dust has now become more than a figment of the imagination." It has been claimed, however, that the hydrogen bomb explosion of March 1 (from the effects of which the crew of *Fukuryu Maru* suffered) surprised the scientists, not by getting out of control, but by proving more efficient than was expected. In other words, the maximum potential of any nuclear explosion can be calculated, but the completeness of "detonation" of the mass cannot be accurately estimated. As we mentioned above, our Special Artist, C. H. Davis, based his drawing on a description given him by Group Captain Cheshire, who saw the explosion from an American *Superfortress* and described it as "a wicked sight—a sort of yellow and luminous and foul." Group Captain Cheshire, whose extremely distinguished war record brought him the V.C., the D.S.O. (with two Bars) and the D.F.C., has since the Nagasaki explosion devoted his life to active religion and the care of the sick and handicapped.

example. But it is no use trying to humanise hydrogen-bomb war, because humanisation must depend on selection of objectives and this weapon is completely unselective. The most satisfactory international measure would be, I hardly need say, agreement not to produce the bomb. The second-best would be agreement not to use it. There is a third possibility: that the shocking effects and the certainty of swift retaliation against the side first dropping the bomb will prevent its being used at all. This would obviously be far less satisfactory, because the menace would remain in existence and mankind would feel itself at the mercy of an error of judgment or even the act

of a madman. Yet it would save the world.

I recognise the difficulties of a settlement on the subject and feel that it would hardly be worth while to discuss them. Yet it is worth while to note proposals made in some quarters that the West should unilaterally abandon work on the hydrogen bomb—and, of course, on its developments. This is a crazy solution, which might prove suicidal. Even if that were not the case it would be likely to lead to eternal blackmail, continual orders to do this or refrain from doing that on pain of being bombed. Fortunately, the United States Government has no intention of taking any such action. Though the British attitude differs from the American, and we may find cause for complaint in the American procedure in the recent test, practical people in this country would never advocate so wild a plan. They would indeed protest against it if it were considered. We cannot overlook the fact that Russia has got the H-bomb. We cannot deny the possibility that the atomic bomb preserved peace at a time when the Western world was otherwise virtually unarmed.

The liaison between the United States and the United Kingdom on this subject is clearly unsatisfactory. This is no matter of surmise; it has been stated by the British Prime Minister. Closer contact involving closer and more frequent consultation is urgently necessary. Here is a matter which gravely concerns the British people, but not them alone. In my recent articles on "the Northern Flank" I pointed

out that Britain held a remarkable position in the Scandinavian States, even in Sweden, but more especially in Norway and Denmark, which are parties to the North Atlantic Treaty. These small peoples regard Britain in a special sense as their mentor, adviser and even guarantor. When faced by difficulties and anxieties about their course of action and the course of events outside their control they turn to Britain. After a lecture on N.A.T.O. which I delivered to the students' society of the Danish University of Aarhus, a professor rose and—in flawless English—made an interesting speech interpreting this theme from the intellectual's point of view. His arguments might have been put, though more crudely, by a clerk or a shop assistant. This reliance on British influence and opinion involves a responsibility.

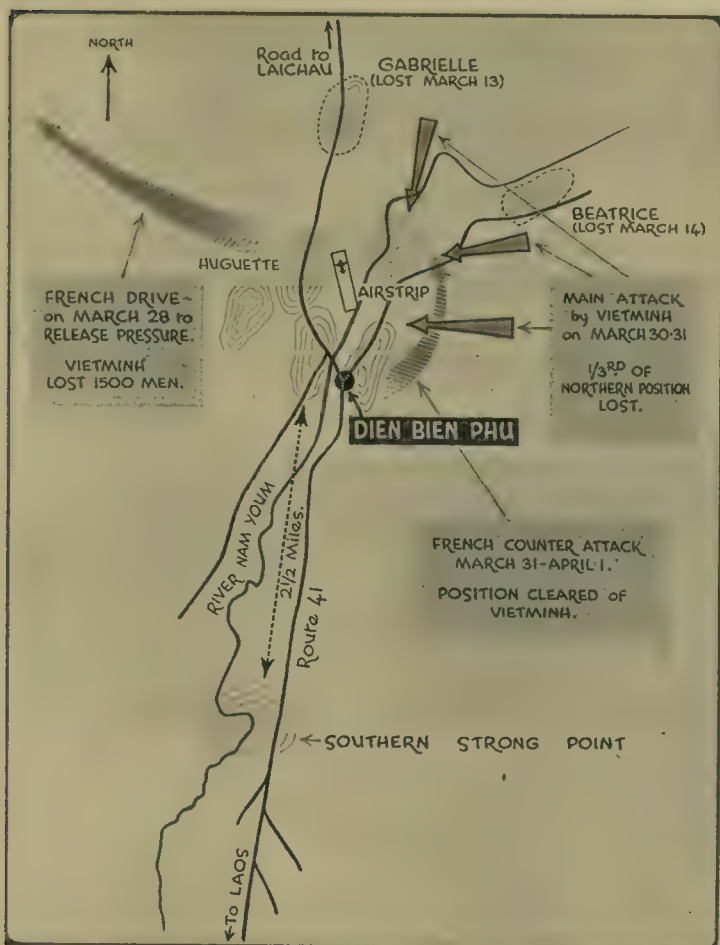
I have been concerned here with the testing of the new weapons, and one test in particular. Important as the subject is, it is overshadowed by the question of its use. The views which have been expressed in the United States about the initiative in this respect and about arrangements for consultation have been both vague and conflicting. I have no doubt that every effort is being made behind the scenes to reach a clear understanding on this matter and draw up a foolproof system of procedure. Excitement, passion and the anti-American bias to which some commentators have lent themselves are to be deplored. Whatever be the differences between British and American outlook and characteristics, there is no difference in aims. Both Governments seek peace and security. Grave damage may be done by creating suspicion and irritation. As to the foolish talk about "going it alone," Britons who indulge in it may do irreparable harm. We should be in a very much worse situation if we decided to "go it alone" than would the United States if she reverted to isolation and continental defence.

The problems with which I have been dealing are serious, but they are not insoluble. The excitement caused by the dropping of the last bomb and the injuries to the Japanese fishermen was natural, even if it led to some unwise suggestions. The two chief conclusions which I draw are, first, that only abstention from the use of the H-bomb in war can save humanity from a fearful disaster, and, secondly, that the United States and the United Kingdom ought to walk closer together. To be perfectly frank, I feel that the United States bears

greater responsibility for any failure that has occurred than we, but I am equally convinced that this has not been due to ill will and that the mistake can be remedied. I repeat that these weapons must be kept in the armoury unless their production and use can be abolished by international agreement. Failing that—and, at best, it will not be quickly reached—we can only hope that the danger to civilisation which they represent will prevent them from being employed. And I believe that this hope is not altogether illusory. Not a very satisfactory summary, perhaps, but then it is not a very satisfactory subject.



# THE WAR IN INDO-CHINA: AIDING THE BELEAGUERED GARRISON AT DIEN BIEN PHU.



THE BELEAGUERED GARRISON OF DIEN BIEN PHU: A MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE VIETNAMESE THRUSTS AND THE FRENCH COUNTER-ATTACK.

MR. WILSON, U.S. Defence Secretary, announced in Washington on April 21 that, at the request of the French Government, the U.S. Air Force had undertaken to fly "certain French Union personnel" to Indo-China, where the situation in Dien Bien Phu is deteriorating. He made it clear that these aircraft would land at bases well outside the fighting area and would afterwards return to their regular stations. Meanwhile, the heroic defence of the beleaguered garrison at Dien Bien Phu continues. At the time of writing the situation is critical, for bad weather has been interfering with air activity and the parachuting of much-needed reinforcements and supplies. It has proved so far impossible to remove the many wounded, and the medical facilities at the camp hospital were never meant to cope with such large numbers. The first wave of the recent Vietminh attacks on Dien Bien Phu began in March, since when the rebels have gradually improved their positions, in spite of heavy French counter-attacks.



REINFORCING DIEN BIEN PHU, THE FORTRESS CAMP ON THE CONFINES OF LAOS AND TONGKING, IN INDO-CHINA: PARATROOPS BEING DROPPED FROM AIRCRAFT OF THE FRENCH AIR FORCE.



STANDING BY: WITH WINGS FOLDED AND LOADED WITH BOMBS, LAND-BASED AIRCRAFT FROM THE FRENCH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER ARROMANCHES WAIT TO GO INTO ACTION IN THE DIEN BIEN PHU AREA.



SYMBOL OF THE FRENCH RESISTANCE AT DIEN BIEN PHU: A WOUNDED OFFICER OF THE FOREIGN LEGION OUTSIDE A DUGOUT.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE PARADOX OF CAMOUFLAGE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A PAIR of blackbirds had nested in the hedge at the bottom of the garden. Five feet up from the ground, the nest was sufficiently exposed for it to be possible to, take a look at regular intervals and watch the progress of the nestlings without in any way disturbing them or alarming the parents. Most important of all, it could be done without disturbing the foliage and so giving away the position of the nest. The first signs of fledging had appeared and all seemed to be going well, when this morning we found the nest damaged, and of the brood itself, merely one dead nestling lying pathetically in the distorted grass cup. The cause of the tragedy is unknown, although a particular cat is under suspicion. We may be certain that between now and high summer, this event in varying forms will be repeated many times with blackbirds and many things besides. To that extent, therefore, the event is commonplace, and not worth the recording except for its implications.

Blackbirds are particularly obvious. The adult male, in his glossy black, sits on a prominent perch and sings for all the world to hear and see. At no time does he make himself inconspicuous. Even when at rest, and silent, in a hedge where the dim light and generally dark background might afford a protection, he quickly announces his presence to an intruder by giving his loud and unmistakable alarm call and by flying out and away. The female, with brown plumage and generally less outstanding in colour, is hardly less conspicuous, except perhaps when she is actually incubating. Then her speckled throat, seen from below, tends to break up her outline and afford a certain degree of camouflage. How much this is worth in practice would be difficult to assess, but it seems highly probable that whatever protection it may give is offset by the tendency to nest moderately near the ground and frequently in positions that make the nest not over-difficult to locate. One is inevitably drawn to contrast this state of affairs with that which generally obtains, for as we look up and down the animal kingdom we find what looks like an almost universal attempt at concealment, the so-called camouflage in nature.

At no point in the animal kingdom is this subject more strikingly illustrated than in the insects, and two instances come readily to notice in the English countryside at this moment. Just now the brimstone butterfly can be seen, conspicuous among the bushes and trees with their bare branches dappled with the

their outlines are disrupted. Even in flight this disruptive pattern is effective, for although the movement of the insect as a whole may catch the eye it is not so easily detected as is the brimstone, nor can its flight



SHOWING A WONDERFUL RESEMBLANCE TO NATURAL TWIGS: SEVEN CATERpillARS OF THE EARLY THORN MOTH. THIS REMARKABLE CAMOUFLAGE HAS APPARENTLY LITTLE EFFECT ON THE ULTIMATE NUMBERS OF THE SPECIES.

be so readily followed. Further, when the comma comes to rest with the wings closed, the paler brownish colour of the underwings, as well as their irregular outline, constitute a close simulation of a dead leaf.

So we have, on the one hand, a startlingly yellow butterfly which must seek the dense cover of evergreen bushes when at rest, and a cryptically coloured butterfly equally difficult to see whether in flight or at rest. In other words, and in general terms, the one not camouflaged and the other beautifully camouflaged.

We are apt to account this use of camouflage as one of the major factors in the so-called struggle for existence, and the fact that it is so widely employed, and often so remarkably carried out, justifies the thought. Yet the fact remains that an insect with poor or non-existent camouflage, such as the brimstone butterfly, is no less numerous than one so beautifully camouflaged as the comma. Nor do its numbers fluctuate from year to year, nor are there any signs of the species being

wiped out. On the other hand, the comma has shown a fluctuation. Up to the middle of last century, it was widespread across southern England. Then for a time it was restricted to a comparatively small area in the West Country. In the second decade of this century, however, it began once again to spread.

We do not need to go to the more classic and extreme examples, to the dead-leaf butterfly of India which, when it closes its wings, looks exactly like a dead leaf even to the midrib; nor to the leaf insect, green all over, with body and legs flattened and reproducing even the veins of a leaf in the pattern marking its body. Examples are all around us, in any part of the habitable world. One has but to examine a branch of a bush or tree, at the height of summer, apparently devoid of insect life, then hold a sheet of dark paper or cloth beneath it and tap it sharply with a stick, to see the number and variety of insects that tumble down on to the sheet. They were all there, camouflaged in their various ways, virtually invisible, except by the most minute and searching scrutiny, so long as they were at rest. What is true of the insect world is true of the rest of the animal creation.

It is not the purpose here to deal further with this matter of camouflage, which is, in any case, a very wide subject, but merely to draw attention to the paradox it presents. We speak of it glibly as affording protection from enemies. If that were so, then the animals best camouflaged should be the most numerous. Yet well-camouflaged or poorly camouflaged, the populations of the various species do not, on the whole, vary significantly from year to year. Moreover, their heavy mortalities are not avoided by this ability to assume a cloak of more or less invisibility. It has been shown that, in insect species, at all events, about three-quarters of the ravages in every generation result from disease and the attacks of other insects, and these take no account of a camouflage resulting from the colour and form of the victim's body. Birds, which might be influenced by such things, take about 3 per cent. of the total. A similar state of affairs would probably be found to obtain in all species, insect or otherwise. To use a human simile, whether we dress our soldiers in red tunics or khaki, the main ravages of war result from attrition due to disease and a multitude of accidents rather than from the efforts of the more obvious enemy.

Camouflage, in spite of its spectacular aspect to the human eye, is in fact a minor factor in life's struggle, and at best it operates almost entirely while the animal is at rest. The real factors that make for success, in the sense of a species, are viability and adaptability, and above all an abundant food supply with which is closely linked a comparative



BEAUTIFULLY CAMOUFLAGED WHEN AT REST: THE COMMA BUTTERFLY, WHICH SHOWS A DISRUPTIVE PATTERN OF THE UPPER WINGS IN FLIGHT. YET, IN SPITE OF THESE ADVANTAGES, THE HISTORY OF THE BUTTERFLY IS NOT ONE OF UNIFORM SUCCESS.

green haze of bursting leaf-buds. Nothing could be more obvious than the uniform sulphur-yellow of this insect's wings while it is in flight, although while it is at rest it fades into the general background and is most difficult to find. Contrasting with it is another, the comma butterfly. The upper surfaces of its wings are a broken pattern of reds and browns so that



BLENDED WITH THE LICHENS AND OTHER IRREGULARITIES OF BARK: A RED ADMIRAL BUTTERFLY AT REST WITH WINGS CLOSED. WITH THE WINGS SPREAD IT IS A CONSPICUOUS INSECT SHOWING UPPER SURFACES OF BROWN AND NEARLY BLACK PATTERNED WITH STRIKING REDS AND WHITE.

Photographs by Ernest G. Neal.

freedom from disease. Here is the secret of the blackbird's success, for in spite of the comparative lack of camouflage of the bird itself or of its nest, the species as a whole in rural and urban England has increased its numbers. Cats may be more numerous, but so are crops, and the increased food supply is the more telling factor.



## THE KHOKHLOV CASE: A RUSSIAN SECRET AGENT'S FANTASTIC WEAPONS.



THE RUSSIAN SECRET AGENT (RIGHT) NIKOLAI KHOKHLOV, WHO REFUSED TO MURDER THE RUSSIAN EMIGRANT LEADER, MR. OKOLOVICH (LEFT), WITH WHOM HE IS SHAKING HANDS. KHOKHLOV GAVE HIMSELF UP TO U.S. AUTHORITIES IN FRANKFURT.



ONE OF THE TWO SILENT ELECTRIC PISTOLS SUPPLIED BY THE RUSSIANS FOR THE ASSASSINATION. THE BULLETS WERE OF THREE TYPES, LEAD (FOR STUNNING), STEEL COVERED, AND CARRYING A CHARGE OF CYANIDE.



ONE OF THE TWO CIGARETTE-CASE WEAPONS, OPENED AND WITH THE CIGARETTE CAMOUFLAGE REMOVED TO SHOW THE FOUR BARRELS, WHICH WERE ARRANGED TO DISCHARGE POISONED BULLETS IN PAIRS.



THE CIGARETTE-CASE WEAPON DISMANTLED, SHOWING THE BATTERY AND WORKING PARTS AND THE LEATHER-COVERED CASE, OF A TYPE COMMON IN EAST GERMANY.



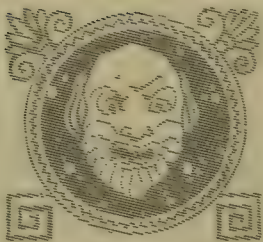
THE LETHAL CIGARETTE-CASE IN FIRING POSITION. IT IS OFFERED TO THE VICTIM WHILE THE MURDERER PRESSES THE TRIGGER-STUD THROUGH THE LEATHER.



CAPTAIN KHOKHLOV HOLDING UP PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIS SON AND OF HIS WIFE, WHO, HE SAID, HAD URGED HIM NOT TO COMMIT MURDER AND TO GIVE HIMSELF UP IN WESTERN EUROPE.

ON April 22 it was revealed at a Press Conference at the H.Q. of the U.S. High Commission at Mehlem, in Western Germany, that a Russian secret agent, with two East German assistants, had given themselves up to the U.S. authorities rather than carry out the task assigned to them by the Ninth Section (*Otdel*) of the Russian Secret Police—namely, the assassination of Mr. Georgi Sergeievich Okolovich, a leading member of the Russian emigrant society N.T.S. The Russian secret agent, Captain Khokhlov, said that he had been trained by the Ninth Section, a secret organization for terrorist and diversionary activities, and instructed to assassinate Mr. Okolovich in Frankfurt, but that his wife had persuaded him that he must not commit murder and should give himself up in the West. He begged for diplomatic pressure to save his wife, mother and child (who are still in Russia) from Russian reprisals. The weapons supplied to him (illustrated above) for the assassination were four: two three-shot pistols and two four-shot cigarette-case weapons. All are electrically operated by means of small batteries and remarkably silent in operation. Most of the bullets were of a dum-dum type, powerfully charged with cyanide of potassium and designed to spread and discharge the poison in the victim's flesh.





THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

NO BETTER THAN THEY SHOULD BE.

By ALAN DENT.

OVER the Easter holiday I seem to have wandered into a world of sin and depravity, so far as my film-going has been concerned. Let any reader interested in my personal welfare be assured that, so far as film-going is *not* concerned, I spent the four free days (1) rearranging my books, (2) embarking on a project of playing the complete works of Schumann on the piano and giving up at Opus 3 (the musical will understand my uttering an imprecation on Paganini here!), and (3) picnicking in Bucks in a winter overcoat.

In point of fact, I left my film-going rather late, with the result that when I decided to see "Companions of the Night," I found it impossible to gain admittance at a late-afternoon showing either for love or money, for influence or Press-pass. I came away from the swarming hive at the doors with a strong determination to try again on Easter Monday. With a shade less of difficulty—but only just a shade—I obtained admittance to another film with the alluring title, "Act of Love."

This proved to be all about American soldiers in Paris in the recent war, and centred in an apartment house whose manageress was that gorgeous old French actress, Gabrielle Dorziat. Many of the young lady-tenants were, as we say in our dear old Victorian way, "no better than they should be." But one day there arrived a little waif (touchingly played by Dany Robin) who fell in love with an American with whom she was absolutely forced, against her will, to share a room. This American (played rather stiffly and uneasily by Kirk Douglas) treats the girl with respect, because he has genuinely fallen in love with her himself.

The situation could easily topple over into humdrum banality. But there is something about its handling (the direction being by Anatole Litvak and the script by Irwin Shaw) which keeps us interested in the emotions of this young couple. They are a genuine pair

only two angels in it. Their bliss is short-lived and remains unlicensed. Both encounter trouble with the authorities and are parted for ever. He learns long afterwards, on revisiting Europe in general and Villefranche in particular, that her drowned body was found in the Seine. I am not guilty of divulging the *clou* of this film, because it begins, exactly as it ends, at Villefranche and is—like most films these days—one

to renew the acquaintance, and the officer goes off in blissful, breezy, unimaginative ignorance. At this point the American film-star playing the hero turns from being a man of wood into a man with a genuine pang at his heart.

Easter Monday morning found me again at that other cinema-theatre, dejectedly joining a long queue that had formed a whole hour before that daring French film, "Companions of the Night," was due to begin. It was bleak and cold, and I was again wearing my winter overcoat, but in the pocket of it I blissfully found a copy of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford." There is no better whiler-away of time.

The film, when it eventually unrolled itself, proved to be a stark and grim exposé of the condition and management of the street-walkers of Paris. Here again is a tale of a waif—though the profession she has had to adopt is declared—who falls in love with a good man, a lorry-driver in surprisingly affluent circumstances, who offers her marriage. The bar to domestic virtue is the girl's employer (Raymond Pellegrin), a pallid, handsome horror of a man who runs his house under the alleged managership of that gorgeous old French actress, Suzy Prim.

This is not a film of mere, raw sensationalism. It is an honest exposure of the "vice racket" in great cities. It is very capably and even imaginatively directed by Ralph Habib. It is unsentimental—excepting that it blinks the fact that many women choose such a deplorable existence of their own free will for a complexity of reasons that include vanity, laziness and the love of finery easily acquired.

It states its case over-dramatically, having at least two murders and an inordinate amount of sheer violence and brutality. But it sends us away with the uncomplacent conviction that a case *has* been stated, and that there is here a huge problem, an every-day and



"THIS IS NOT A FILM OF MERE, RAW SENSATIONALISM. IT IS AN HONEST EXPOSURE OF THE 'VICE RACKET' IN GREAT CITIES": "COMPANIONS OF THE NIGHT" (FILMS DE FRANCE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH OLGA (FRANÇOISE ARNOUL) IS KOUNDED UP BY THE VICE-SQUAD AS SHE IS HAVING A DRINK IN A CAFÉ WITH PAUL (PIERRE CRESSOY). THE FILM IS DIRECTED BY RALPH HABIB.

long "flash-back." (The popular formula nowadays seems to be "beginning, middle, end, and beginning-all-over-again.")

This is a film of good moments, rather than a good film. One of the very best of these moments is near the end, when the forlorn hero accidentally meets his old commanding officer, touring with his wife in the South of France. "Aren't you the chap I saved from a fate worse than death by refusing a marriage-licence in Paris?" says the officer, in effect. The hero refuses



"THIS IS A FILM OF GOOD MOMENTS, RATHER THAN A GOOD FILM": "ACT OF LOVE" (UNITED ARTISTS), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH THE POLICE VISIT THE CAFÉ DES DEUX ANGES AND ASK LISA (DANY ROBIN) TO PRODUCE HER CORRECT PAPERS; THE WIFE OF THE PROPRIETOR OF THE CAFÉ, ADELE LA CAUX (GABRIELLE DORZIAT), TRIES TO HELP THE GIRL.



"ONE OF THE VERY BEST . . . MOMENTS IS NEAR THE END (OF THE FILM) WHEN THE FORLORN HERO ACCIDENTALLY MEETS HIS OLD COMMANDING OFFICER, TOURING WITH HIS WIFE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE": "ACT OF LOVE," SHOWING ROBERT TELLER (KIRK DOUGLAS—CENTRE) SITTING ON THE TERRACE AT VILLEFRANCHE WITH HENDERSON (GEORGE MATHEWS) AND MRS. HENDERSON (GILBERTE GENAT).

of human beings (though she is distinctly better played than he is) caught up in a tangle of frustration. He moves heaven and earth and his commanding officer (a brilliant character-study by George Mathews) to obtain a marriage permit. "Ten years from now he'll bless my name!" exclaims the C.O. to a subordinate. The two lovers have at least their dreams. They will go and live in a little house on the waterfront at Villefranche, which she describes to him, since he has never been there himself.

Meanwhile, though, they are in Paris and the war is by no means ended. Neither has the marriage certificate been obtained. They live above the Café des Deux Anges, and are most certainly the

AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

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every-night problem, urgently requiring solution by some drastic means. A problem "real and alarming," as the film's dignified introduction assures us.

Life—said I to myself, putting on my overcoat as I came away from the cinema—is not all romantic Schumann; nor is it all picnics of sandwiches and nut-milk chocolate with old friends at the sunny edge of a grove of larch-trees. Neither is modern life in the least like Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," even though that dear novel does begin with the surprisingly apposite sentence: "In the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses above a certain rent are women." But oh, how I wish it were only such peaceful, unproblematical things!



# PRINCESS ANNE AT SEA, KHARTOUM AIRPORT, AND SALVAGE BY SEA AND AIR.



ANOTHER HISTORIC OCCASION FOR THE POTOMAC... THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY 2ND FRESHMAN EIGHT FOUNDERED, AFTER STRIKING A SUBMERGED ROCK NEAR THE THREE SISTERS ISLANDS, DURING THE COURSE OF A REGATTA AT WASHINGTON, ON APRIL 17.



HELICOPTER HELPS HELICOPTER: AN R.N. SIKORSKY-55 BOGGED IN A PADDY-FIELD AND UNAPPROACHABLE BY TRUCK.

A R.N. Sikorsky-55 helicopter, during operations from Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, made a forced landing in a rice-field surrounded by jungle, where it was impossible to approach by truck and lorry. Technicians approached on foot and dismantled the helicopter, the separate parts being taken up by



AFTER DISMANTLING BY TECHNICIANS, THE SEPARATE ITEMS WERE LIFTED BY A SISTER HELICOPTER.



THE END CROWNS THE WORK; AND THE RESCUING HELICOPTER LIFTS HER SISTER'S FUSELAGE CLEAR OF THE MUD.

another helicopter in seven lifts and transported to workshops for repair and re-assembly. The operation was completed in one-and-a-half days, and the crashed helicopter, which has been serviced at Singapore, is expected soon to be flying again.



BEFORE AND AFTER SALVAGE AND REPAIR: (ABOVE) THE DANISH LINER *KRONPRINS FREDERIK*, AFTER BEING BURNT OUT AT HARWICH; AND (BELOW) AS SHE IS NOW, A YEAR LATER, AFTER REBUILDING.

On April 19, 1953, the Danish motor-ship *Kronprins Frederik* was burnt out at Parkeston Quay, Harwich, and capsized in the harbour the next day. She was righted and towed to Helsingør in September, and on April 20 this year, after rebuilding, completed her trials and is to resume service between Denmark and Harwich early in May.



THE NEWLY-OPENED KHARTOUM AIRPORT: THE NEW RECEPTION AND ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDINGS. On April 15 Sir Robert Howe opened Khartoum's new civil airport. The runway has been in operation for about a year, and the buildings for about a month. It has cost £765,000, of which the British Government have contributed £400,000. It handles about 1000 aircraft movements a month, and about 150,000 passengers a year, being one of the great aerial cross-roads of Africa.



THE VOYAGE OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN IN THE ROYAL YACHT *BRITANNIA* TO MALTA: PRINCESS ANNE HELPING A RATING TO COIL A ROPE. PICTURES OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN IN MALTA APPEAR ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.



# ROYAL, PAPAL AND POLITICAL OCCASIONS, AND NEWS AND EVENTS FROM MANY QUARTERS.



INSPECTING THE PARADE ON THE CRICKET GROUND OF ARUNDEL CASTLE: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, WHO PRESENTED NEW COLOURS TO THE 1ST BATTALION, THE ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on April 24 presented new Colours to the 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment, on the cricket ground at Arundel Castle. In the afternoon the Mayor of Arundel conferred the honorary freedom of the borough on the Regiment and detachments afterwards marched through the town. The Queen of the Netherlands, Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, was represented by Brigadier-General C. F. Pahud de Mortagnes and the Netherlands Military Attaché.



THE QUEEN'S SCOUTS' ST. GEORGE'S PARADE: THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET CONVERSING WITH OVERSEAS REPRESENTATIVES. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, accompanied by Princess Margaret, took the salute at a march-past of nearly 1000 Queen's Scouts and holders of Scout's Awards for Gallantry in the Quadrangle at Windsor Castle on April 25 before a service in St. George's Chapel.



WITH HER FIANCÉ, MR. MARK WIRZ: MISS JEANNETTE ALTWEGG, BRITISH OLYMPIC FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPION 1952. Miss Jeannette Altwegg, who won the Gold Medal for Figure Skating for Britain at the Sixth Winter Olympic Games in Oslo in 1952, is engaged to a Swiss engineer, Mr. Mark Wirz. She retired from competitive skating in 1952 to take up child welfare work.



SUFFICIENTLY RECOVERED FROM HIS ILLNESS TO GIVE HIS EASTER BENEDICTION: HIS HOLINESS THE POPE. The Pope, who on March 19 made his first public appearance since his serious illness, to bless Servicemen, made an Easter Sunday broadcast to the world, and afterwards from a balcony gave his benediction to the huge crowd outside St. Peter's Basilica.



FELLING A TREE WITH A NEOLITHIC FLINT AXE TO DEMONSTRATE ITS EFFICACY: PROFESSOR IVERSEN. Professor J. Iversen, a Danish prehistorian, demonstrated the power of a Neolithic flint axe, said to be about 5000 years old, by cutting down a tree with it at a recent Reading conference on ancient forms of agriculture.



PRESIDENT TITO IN TURKEY: THE PRESIDENT OF YUGOSLAVIA WITH PRESIDENT BAYAR OF TURKEY AND, BEHIND HIM, MR. MENDERES, THE TURKISH PRIME MINISTER. Marshal Tito, President of Yugoslavia, returned to Yugoslavia from his six-day State visit to Turkey on April 21; and stated, "We have accomplished our mission with success. In Turkey we have a strong ally." It has been announced that President Bayar of Turkey and Mr. Menderes, the Turkish Prime Minister, are to pay a return visit to Yugoslavia in the early autumn.



SENATOR MCCARTHY'S DISPUTE WITH THE U.S. ARMY: THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY MR. STEVENS, MAJOR-GENERAL R. N. YOUNG, MR. ROY COHN AND THE SENATOR (L. TO R.). The investigation of the dispute between Senator McCarthy and the U.S. Army began on April 22 in Washington. The question concerns the disagreement between the Senator and Mr. Roy Cohn on one side and Mr. Stevens, Secretary of the Army, on the other, as to whether special favours were sought for Mr. David Schine, a former colleague of Mr. Cohn and now a private in the Army.



## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



CIVIL DEFENCE ADVISER TO N.A.T.O.:

SIR JOHN HODSOLL.

Sir John Hodsoll, who has been closely connected with the U.K.'s Civil Defence arrangements since 1935, is to be chief technical adviser to the N.A.T.O. Civil Defence Committee. In 1935 Sir John took charge of the Home Office's new air-raid precautions department, and in 1948 became Director-General of Training in the Civil Defence Department.



ELECTED AN A.R.A.: MR. RODNEY JOSEPH BURN, PAINTER.

Mr. R. J. Burn, painter, has been elected an A.R.A. He was born in 1899, educated at Harrow and studied at the Slade School. When in the United States in 1931 he was Director of the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass. He returned in 1934, and is assistant teacher at the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, and hon. sec. New English Art Club.



ELECTED AN A.R.A.: MR. NORMAN HEPPLER, PAINTER.

Mr. Norman Hepple, one of the new A.R.A.s, is a figure, subject and portrait painter. He was born in 1908, educated at Goldsmiths College, and studied at the Royal Academy Schools. He is represented in the National Gallery of Canada and in the Municipal Galleries of Bradford and Stoke-on-Trent. Two of his Royal Academy pictures are reproduced on another page.



INSPECTOR OF THE W.R.A.F.: GROUP OFFICER J. CONAN DOYLE.

Group Officer Jean Conan Doyle, youngest daughter of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of "Sherlock Holmes," has been appointed Inspector of the Women's Royal Air Force. Miss Conan Doyle, who is forty-one, has been in the Air Force for sixteen years. For the last two years she has been working at the Air Ministry. She will now move to the W.R.A.F. base at Hendon.



NEW PRIME MINISTER OF BELGIUM: M. ACHILLE VAN ACKER.

M. Van Acker, the Belgian Socialist leader, announced on April 22 that he had formed a Government Coalition of nine Socialist and seven Liberal Ministers. M. Van Acker, who is fifty-six, became a M.P. in 1927 and has been re-elected ever since. He has been Prime Minister twice before. In the new Government, M. Spaak, a former Foreign Minister, returns to that post.



RECEIVING A MEDAL FOR SEAMANSHIP: DR. ALAIN BOMBARD (RIGHT), WHO CROSSED THE ATLANTIC ALONE IN A RUBBER DINGHY.

Dr. Alain Bombard, of France, who spent sixty-five days alone in a rubber dinghy whilst crossing the Atlantic and lived only on sea food, was recently presented with the Wren Medal for Seamanship for this courageous exploit, by Mr. D. L. Cree (left), secretary of the Royal Cruising Club.



IN PARIS FOR CONSULTATIONS WITH THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT: EMPEROR BAO DAI OF INDO-CHINA (RIGHT).

Emperor Bao Dai arrived in Paris on April 14 and held important discussions on the situation in Indo-China with the French Prime Minister, M. Laniel (left), and the Vice-Premier, M. Reynaud (centre), prior to the Conference which opened at Geneva on April 26. The Emperor received a courtesy call from Mr. Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State, on April 24 before the latter left for Geneva.



NEW SOUTH AFRICAN HIGH COMMISSIONER IN LONDON: MR. G. P. JOOSTE.

Mr. G. P. Jooste, South African Ambassador to the United States, is to succeed Dr. A. L. Geyer as High Commissioner for South Africa in London. Mr. Jooste is a career diplomat, and his appointment marks a departure from traditional practice in that previously it has been held by a political nominee of the South African Government. He has been thirty years in the Union's public service.



ELECTED AN A.R.A.: MR. JOHN A. M. ALDRIDGE, PAINTER.

Mr. J. A. M. Aldridge, painter, who has been elected an A.R.A., was born in 1905, and educated at Uppingham and Corpus Christi, Oxford. He first exhibited in the R.A. in 1948, and held one-man shows at the Leicester Galleries in 1933, '36, '40 and '47. Works by him have been bought by the Contemporary Art Society, the Ministry of Works, the British Council, and other bodies.



MR. HUBERT SCOTT-PAINE, WHO HAS DIED RECENTLY.

Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, a pioneer in the design and construction of aircraft—in particular sea-planes—and of sea craft, and himself a racer of speed-boats, was sixty-three. He designed, built and raced the record-breaking speed-boat *Miss Britain III*, which became the prototype of the Navy's M.T.B.s and the R.A.F.'s air-sea rescue launches.



HOST TO THE QUEEN AT ADEN: SIR T. HICKINBOTHAM.

The Queen, who arrived in Aden on April 27 in S.S. *Gothic*, was welcomed by the Governor, Sir Tom Hickinbotham, with whom she later had lunch at Government House. Sir Tom Hickinbotham has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony and Protectorate of Aden since 1951, and has previously held many appointments in the area of the Persian Gulf.



RECALLED FROM CANBERRA: MR. GENERALOV, SOVIET AMBASSADOR.

The Soviet Government announced on April 22 in a Note of protest to the Australian Government on the case of Mr. Petrov, who has been granted political asylum by the Australian Government, that the Soviet Ambassador and his staff are being recalled immediately; and that in the circumstances it would be impossible for the Australian Embassy staff to remain in Moscow.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## ASSORTMENT OF MAGIC.

By J. C. TREWIN.

**D**URING the Old Vic revival of "The Tempest" I found myself thinking of a "King Lear" review that had contained some such phrase as "The storm was in Lear's mind, where it ought to be." I have always felt that we should be left to create the events of "The Tempest" for ourselves, without too much extraneous aid from a producer, though he may claim that the masque-form gives him licence. Certainly, any producer who tries to impose himself too blatantly upon this miraculous invention should be pegged at once within the knotty entrails of an oak.

We would not condemn Robert Helpmann, whose chief fault in the Vic revival has been excessive eagerness, anxiety to lend a hand to Prospero. While observing his determined and often clever devices to express the magic of the isle, I could not help feeling that the play would have come through better on radio, where we ourselves must raise the island and its people from the mists. Of all the Folio, these—with what John Wellington Wells would have called "a first-class assortment of magic"—are the hardest pages to summon in the theatre, though I cannot follow "Q" when he says of "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream": "Let us note as a fact highly curious, but abundantly proved by experience, that of all Shakespeare's plays these two require to be acted by (shall I say?) amateurs. The amateurs may miss or hit: the professional mummer has never made any hand with either play; nor (I think) ever will."

There a great literary critic—and my reverence for "Q" is unshakable—plunged gaily and wildly into the deep end. Never was so unguarded a dive. Still, we can at least toss out some sort of life-line and agree that "The Tempest" is a terror to stage. My ideal performance, as ever, would be composite, with players, professional mummery, drawn from many years, from "the dark backward and abysm of time." Thus I remember the enchanted voice of the late Ion Swinley's Prospero as he spoke the invocation in Regent's Park during the nineteen-thirties; Elsa Lanchester's silvery Ariel from a revival in which the décor was madly eccentric; a number of Calibans (from Benson's, hanging head downwards shaggily from a tree, even in his seventieth year, through those of Robert Atkins and Baliol Holloway, to Michael Hordern's at Stratford two years ago); and, in this

possible, the play should reach us naturally. It should beguile us into acceptance of its marvels, "a most majestic vision, and harmonious charmingly." It is fatal if we find ourselves asking just how that manœuvre or the other has been accomplished, how the spirits that sway in the waves of the sea-storm have been drilled, or how exactly Juno, at the heart of the inner masque, has arrived in our midst. At the Vic the other night it appeared to me that Fay Compton—a Juno as majestic as heart could desire—had come up from underground. An odd fate for the queen whose "peacocks fly amain."

A small thing, possibly. The point is that if, in

girl is insipid in the theatre; Claire Bloom is not that, though she cannot pin the imagination firmly. Caliban remains (little can be done about his drunken confederates). I feel that Richard Burton rather wants us to like the monster whom Prospero addresses thus: "Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself Upon thy wicked dam." I still hold that any attempt to be playful with Caliban might end as in Kipling's poem of "the monstrous, pleading thing," Adam-zad the bear: "From brow to jaw that steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away." Mr. Burton, loyal actor though he is, is not at home in this corner of Prospero's island.

In sum, then, another reasonable impression of "The Tempest," but not the whole play—though, if we are to believe a great and gentle critic, the Barchester Thespians might summon it for us in all its elusive beauty, its music neither of air nor earth. In one amateur production I recall, the producer offered a gramophone record of the Storm; I am not sure that "Q" would have agreed.

"The Tempest" is timeless. Bridget Boland's "The Prisoner" (Globe) is very much a play of our time. "I think thee, Ariel," says Prospero; the new piece is a conflict of thought, a harsh conflict between will and will, a duel that—for all its forcible invention—must depend entirely on the acting of the duellists: the sardonic Cardinal in the toils, and his interrogator who seeks, by the probing of psychiatry, to extract a false and fatal confession. Alec Guinness and Noel Willman are equally uncompromising, one as the man who finds gauze after protective gauze stripped away from his mind, the other (with his assortment of what, in this context, is black magic) as the questioner who practises a dangerous trade. Listening to Mr. Willman, I remembered a verse on one "who slew the slayer, and shall himself be slain."

The play is a prolonged and fearsome game of chess. We would not leave it without hearing the result. In the cell scenes which alternate with those in the Interrogation Room—it is, by the way, a double set, not invariably a good thing on such a stage as this—Wilfrid Lawson urges to chuckling life a warder entirely without illusions. Peter Glenville's production keeps the thing taut. "The Prisoner" will be recalled with honest respect, if hardly with pleasure.

Back finally to light airs, the meeker magic-and-spells, at the Royal Court Theatre, where Laurie Lister's revue, "Airs on a Shoestring," continues to



"I COULD NOT HELP FEELING THAT THE PLAY WOULD HAVE COME THROUGH BETTER ON RADIO, WHERE WE OURSELVES MUST RAISE THE ISLAND AND ITS PEOPLE FROM THE MISTS": "THE TEMPEST" (OLD VIC), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH ARIEL CASTIGATES THE KING OF NAPLES AND THE TWO USURPING BROTHERS AT THE BEHEST OF PROSPERO, WHO HAS CAUSED A MAGIC BANQUET TO BE SET BEFORE THEM. (L. TO R.) PROSPERO (MICHAEL HORDERN); SEBASTIAN (JOHN DEARTH); ALONSO (RONALD HINES); ANTONIO (EDGAR WREFORD), AND, IN THE MIDDLE BACKGROUND, ARIEL (ROBERT HARDY). THE PRODUCTION IS BY ROBERT HELPMANN AND THE COSTUMES AND DÉCOR BY LESLIE HURRY.

"The Tempest," our attention is tugged away by obtrusive stagecraft, the night is in danger. True, the current revival has its felicities. It is not clumsy. The ship is craftily suggested. The island décor has the vagueness of dream, and some of Mr. Helpmann's groupings are apt. But (and I speak for myself) magic is too often absent; I do not "taste some subtleties o' the isle"; the producer and his cast are not the enchanters I would have them be.

Certain performances have the manner. Michael Hordern's Prospero, old-established Family Sorcerer, can both persuade us that he has "given fire to the dread rattling thunder" and that he has what many of his glum forerunners have lacked, a glint of mischief. John Neville is the best Ferdinand in my record, a man of romantic ardour. Paul Daneman's Gonzalo, the conspirators of Edgar Wreford and John Dearth (deadly parts transformed), Fay Compton's Juno and Gwen Cherrell's Iris: with these we have no kind of worry. We may lack the Ariel that "Q" called "rarefied almost to a mere spirit of the sky, often a mere voice on the breeze," but at least Robert Hardy is never—as Ariels are inclined to be—distractingly odd. Let me return again to "Q" for Miranda: "Every critic wants to write about her." But do they? Frequently the poor



"MAX ADRIAN AND MOYRA FRASER SHOW JUST WHAT IT IS LIKE TO OCCUPY 'A MOST AMUSING MEWS, SO VERY CONTEMPORARY'": "AIRS ON A SHOESTRING" (ROYAL COURT THEATRE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM ONE OF THE THREE NEW NUMBERS WITH WHICH LAURIE LISTER'S REVUE CONTINUES TO FRESHEN ITSELF. IN THIS NUMBER, "DESIGN FOR LIVING," MICHAEL FLANDERS "LAUGHS GENTLY AT THE HOME-MAKER WHO LIKES WALL-PAPERED FLOORS, 'MOBILES,' AND THE ODDER ARTIER IRRELEVANCES."

part and that, players drawn from the last few decades of the theatre. As for producers, I cannot resist recalling the vast galleon, storm-tossed in the surf, that Bridges-Adams created during 1934 for the revival that was his Stratford swan-song. No question, I admit, of leaving this to the imagination.

We have been diverted from the present Vic production. Mr. Helpmann—inevitably, no doubt—is ballet-minded. Though his devices in "The Tempest" are sometimes effective, they cannot help being self-conscious, ready to announce their origin. If

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE TEMPEST" (Old Vic).—Shakespeare's miracle of the imagination—now with Robert Helpmann, as producer, to collaborate—rarely satisfies completely in the theatre. This is a self-conscious production; but it has such performances as Michael Hordern's potent Prospero and John Neville's Ferdinand; and in Leslie Hurry's décor the isle's land and seascapes are hazily enchanted. (April 13.)  
 "THE PRISONER" (Globe).—Interrogator (Noel Willman) and prisoner, a Cardinal who had once been a hero of the Resistance (Alec Guinness), face each other in a mediaeval castle, used now as a prison, in a European capital. Bridget Boland's play is a relentless study in the psychiatric methods used to extract a false confession, and it makes its point, though it is hardly a night to remember affectionately. (April 14.)  
 "AIRS ON A SHOESTRING" (Royal Court).—Three more scenes added to the airs-and-graces of Laurie Lister's happy revue. Max Adrian and Moyra Fraser can cheerfully pink the modish home-makers in their amusing mews. (Re-visited: April 20.)



"THE PLAY IS A PROLONGED AND FEARSOME GAME OF CHESS. WE WOULD NOT LEAVE IT WITHOUT HEARING THE RESULT": "THE PRISONER" (GLOBE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM ACT II. WITH (L. TO R.) THE INTERROGATOR (NOEL WILLMAN); A WARDER (RICHARD EASTON); THE PRISONER (ALEC GUINNESS); THE INTERROGATION ROOM WARDER (COLIN DOUGLAS). THIS PLAY, BY BRIDGET BOLAND, IS "A RELENTLESS STUDY IN THE PSYCHIATRIC METHODS USED TO EXTRACT A FALSE CONFESSION."

freshen itself. There are three new numbers. In the best of them, "Design for Living," Max Adrian and Moyra Fraser show just what it is like to occupy "a most amusing mews, so very contemporary." Michael Flanders's lyric laughs gently at the home-maker who likes wall-papered floors, "mobiles," and the odder artier irrelevances. Moyra Fraser (again) and Denis Quilley look in from Paris in "Mirabelle"; and the launderette, the salmon-flies, the dagger-for-Britten, and the revue's other good things, are untouched, with Mr. Adrian as the blandest of presiding Family Sorcerers.





THE ALDERSHOT MILITARY CENTENARY: MAJOR-GENERAL A. D. CAMPBELL, G.O.C. ALDERSHOT DISTRICT, ACCOMPANIED BY THE MAYOR, TAKING THE SALUTE AS TROOPS MARCH PAST. Commemoration of the military beginnings of Aldershot 100 years ago, opened last week and will continue until April 1955. The first event was a Mayoral Centenary Ball on April 20; and on April 21 there was a ceremonial parade which included a march through the principal streets of the Borough of Aldershot in which 3,500 troops took part. At the corner of Grosvenor and Laburnum Roads, the G.O.C. Aldershot District and his Worship the Mayor took the salute.

## FROM FAR AND NEAR: SOME RECENT NEWS EVENTS RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA.



IMPROVED LIVING CONDITIONS AT SEA: CANVAS BUNKS, INSTALLED INSTEAD OF HAMMOCKS, IN H.M.S. *CENTAUR*. THEY CAN BE STOWED AWAY WHEN NOT IN USE. The crew of the Navy's new aircraft-carrier, H.M.S. *Centauro*, have canvas bunks instead of the traditional hammocks. These bunks are arranged in three tiers and can be stowed away when not in use, leaving space for tables and chairs. Each man has a kit locker near his bunk.



A NEW RIVERSIDE ROAD AT A THAMES BEAUTY SPOT: WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE ROAD AT RUNNYMEDE WHICH IS BEING CONSTRUCTED BY SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL ALONGSIDE THE EXISTING ONE. GRASS WILL EVENTUALLY COVER THE PRESENT ROAD (RIGHT) DOWN TO THE RIVER'S EDGE.



DAMAGED BY FIRE FOR THE FOURTH TIME SINCE IT WAS BUILT IN 1858: THE BRITANNIA PIER AT GREAT YARMOUTH, SHOWING THE GUTTED REMAINS OF THE BURNT-OUT BUILDINGS ON THE SEAWARD HALF OF THE PIER. THE THEATRE, BALL-ROOM, RESTAURANT, AMUSEMENT BOOTHS AND ADMINISTRATION OFFICES WERE DESTROYED.



RECENTLY PLACED IN THE LAST VACANT NICHE IN ST. PETER'S BASILICA IN ROME: A STATUE OF ST. LOUISE DE MARILLAC, WHO WAS CO-FOUNDER WITH ST. VINCENT DE PAUL OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY. SHE WAS BORN IN 1591 AND DIED IN 1660.



PARADING THE 1954 FLAG THROUGH THE RUINS OF THE FORMER SAINT-CYR MILITARY ACADEMY NEAR PARIS: CADETS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH MILITARY COLLEGE DURING THEIR ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO THE RUINED SITE OF THE ORIGINAL COLLEGE.



BOMB BELLS: THE MINISTER OF A CHURCH IN SOUTHERN GERMANY RINGING BELLS MADE FROM BOMBS. AFTER THE CHURCH HAD BEEN RECONSTRUCTED THE PARISHIONERS COULD NOT AFFORD BELLS, SO THEY REPLACED THEM WITH BOMB CASINGS. PIECES OF SALVAGED RAIL REPLACE CLAPPERS.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THIS week, two novels have a journey as their theme. So one might say—though the description is not luminous, and they have actually no common ground. Yet of "Devices and Desires," by E. Arnot Robertson (Cape; 10s. 6d.), it should be said straight off, to prevent error. This really is about a journey—it is a post-war Odyssey, and not the history of an ambition, as at first appears. Hebe has certainly an end in view—but then Ulysses had an end in view; like her, he was determined to get back. Only his Ithaca was ready-made, while hers is no more than a blueprint, yearningly evolved, and marked "The very opposite." She has been used to tagging round the globe, sharing her father's outcast, wandering career as an ill shepherd of the dispossessed. Now he is dead, shot casually on the Bulgarian frontier; and Hebe, at thirteen, is a free agent. First she must take over the job, and steer his band of clients to Salonika; with her they are more likely to get through, and if the final "contacts" are illusory, *tant pis pour eux*. She will have set course for the perfect life—one of incomparable stuffiness. It is a composite ideal, worked out from books, from a sweet, stagnant memory of long ago, and from the talk of a French deckhand—who, though not specially nice, had her own angle on respectability. First, a good English school; then she will marry André, and they will run a little café in the provinces, which will be called *Le Bien-Venu*. . . .

Only not yet awhile. For now, she is a ragamuffin waif, skulking among the hills on an armed frontier with a quartet of refugees. And the young men, the two Resistance crooks, are planning to clear off. So she begins by tearing up the maps. The next thing is to slip over the border into Macedonia. Then comes the problem of surviving it—begging a crust and a night's lodging in a savage land, of which atrocity is the chief product. They are repulsed from every door, until they find a woman beyond caring. And in that bleak and horrible reprieve, they become lotus-eaters; Hebe can't prise them out. When she resumes the march, it is with only one companion. The next stage is a Quaker hostel at Edhessa. And after that she is alone—all ready to be taken up by the Manarez family, and enter the home stretch. It goes a long way round, embracing a sea trip to the West Indies, and then a spell up in the Cockpit Country, with an Obeah-woman and her dying charge. But it remains a powerfully short cut.

And then? Then she achieves her aim—though the good English school strikes one as an unnecessary flourish and a waste of cash—and cramps her spirit in the process. But we don't see it happening. That would be rather dull, and here the programme is: Never be dull, never be femininely shocked, never be sentimental. Like Hebe's it is thoroughly achieved—more thoroughly, with a more packed variety and brilliance than I have space to tell. Yet there is something lost; somehow, the comedy is not quite laughable, and the exalted touches are not moving.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Woman with No Past," by Serge Groussard (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), presents another kind of journey, gliding with tranquil pace over an almost negligible distance to a single tune. The characters, or the effective characters, are only three; the only violent action is off-stage, and starts more turmoil than a holocaust in Macedonia; and sentiment, or if you like romance, is the enfolding air. And yet no tedium ensues; for though the movement is so calm, each gesture has the quality of an event, and every scene, comic or grave, gets the reaction it set out for.

I am not trying to theorise, and we can do with journeys of all sorts. This one is on a motor-barge, making its gradual way to Paris by canal and stream. There are two men aboard: Malard, the captain, who is past his youth, and the mate Jeanjean, a fleshy, up-and-coming lad, vain of his school certificate (when his superior can hardly read) and rather sulking for promotion. Still, he is not a bad chap in his way—only the captain's pick-ups, and his way of bringing them on board, goad him unspeakably. And from his point of view, here is another. For Malard she is no such thing. When he first saw her at the lock—a woman in a pearl-grey suit, thin and fair-haired, and with a tiny white dog at her heels—he was not charmed, but curiously spellbound. Then came another meeting by the church. Mado was laughing horribly at the white dog—and it was then he spoke to her. She told him nothing, except that she must get to Paris. But in the hot, slow days, while Jeanjean is buying all the papers, prying for the truth and racked with umbrage, jealousy and greed, those two are living a unique experience.

"City of Shadows," by Henry Gibbs (Jarrolds; 10s. 6d.), though not the story of a journey, is a traveller's tale, in the same sense as "Grand Hotel." And in a wider sense, for here the place of rendezvous is Cape Town. Some of the sojourners have booked on the *Nairobi Castle*, and two are chafing to get out. Stone has a cache of diamonds in his room; and Anna Steyn has Colours. She was brought up white, and since she learnt of her disaster has been "trying for white," and looking round for a free ticket. Now it is in the bag: if only Coetsee of the C.I.D. does not suspect her! Stone is on tenterhooks for the same reason, Coetsee on quite a different ground—till all three have a change of heart. Only the Afrikaner is left happy; no one but Mosesmary, the young houseboy, comes to utter grief. He is the best, the most revealing feature. But it is all humane, agreeable and full of knowledge.

"The Exploits of Sherlock Holmes," by Adrian Conan Doyle and John Dickson Carr (John Murray; 12s. 6d.), contrives one more, not at all positively last appearance for the Old Master who (apparently) can never die. The links at each tag-end, with some authentic, hitherto unpublished case, are on the whole a bad idea; and the detective merit of the stories is beside the point. They are quite good enough; and some are much better than others. How good, for that matter, were the originals? What we remember best is the nostalgia, the effect of cosiness, which has no doubt improved with time. And here it is quite wonderfully present. Here they all are again: the fog in Baker Street, the client's ring on a wild night—and the incisive, unforgotten tones, with their faint aura of absurdity.—K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FROM MCCARTHYISM TO APIARISM.

NO one that I can think of is very pleased with Senator McCarthy just now. Even those who would normally be reckoned as his political supporters are uneasily conscious that he is, to say the least of it, a waning asset in the ranks of the defenders of civilisation against Communism. One of the worst features of the whole situation is the panic with which it is accompanied. From all the evidence, Communist infiltration into American public life has indeed been serious and sustained, but McCarthy was carried into power on a wave of blind panic which has done much disservice to upholders of freedom everywhere, as well as to the American nation, among whom it has manifested itself. And the reaction to McCarthy is exhibiting many of the same symptoms of panic, as the ugly avalanche of emotionalism overwhelms men's minds and judgments. One of the principal

virtues, therefore, of "The Age of Suspicion" (André Deutsch; 16s.), Mr. James Wechsler's account of his attack upon McCarthyism and of his cross-examination by the formidable Senator, is that it controls the panic mood, and rises above it. It is not that Mr. Wechsler cannot be frightened; he makes it clear that the experience which he had to undergo was very alarming indeed. "I have thought," he writes, "about Krock's explanation that my two-day appearance before the McCarthy committee was inconsequential because I am still alive and functioning. Despite all I have written, it is not quite possible to communicate the quiet horror of examination by McCarthy. I have no wounds to exhibit; I write what I please about McCarthy. I bear every external resemblance to the person I was a moment before the telephone call from Washington. But I do not commend the experience to anyone else; I fear for those who may be called before him who do not happen to be editors of newspapers and cannot fight back." Mr. Wechsler is, of course, editor of the *New York Post*. His association with the Communists dated from 1934 to 1937, when he was a member of the Young Communist League, and he was only twenty-two years old when he severed his connection with the Party for ever. All this is told in the first part of the book, and very well told. The author's account of his disillusion during a visit to Russia, and of his former associates' typical frenzy when he left them, is as balanced and sound as his account of McCarthy. His conclusion is in the same key, and I hope that it will be widely read and quoted over here: "In the long run, only panic can defeat us. The panic of those who say that McCarthy's political vigilantism has rescued us is often matched by the terror which prompts others to say that McCarthy has already destroyed the republic. Neither proposition is valid. I should hardly be tempted to minimise the damage McCarthy has done, and perhaps what I fear most is the erosion of those values of fairness and mercy which we have so long treasured. The spread of know-nothingness is currently our gravest domestic threat. But the battle is far from over; it has, I think, just begun. And it will not be won by men who are so distracted by the McCarthy danger that they dismiss the external challenge of Soviet imperialism." The best compliment I can pay Mr. Wechsler is that he exhibits, in a high degree, those great qualities which he is so nobly determined to preserve.

It ought to have been a relief to pick up, after laying down the history of the McCarthy imbroglio, a book by Miss Ethel Mannin with the attractive title of "Two Studies in Integrity" (Jarrolds; 16s.). She has chosen two Irishmen, writers of the early nineteenth century, whose names are now practically unknown, although Gerald Griffin wrote "Aileen Aroon," and Francis Mahony ("Father Prout")—"The Bells of Shandon." They were almost contemporaries, but formed a considerable contrast. Griffin was shy, introspective and gauche, leading the usual Grub Street life of the period, with a prolific output and no very great success to his credit, although some of his works were highly praised by critics of the day. At the end of his short life he became a Christian Brother and died at the North Monastery, Cork. Mahony was short, irascible and extrovert, a "failed" Jesuit who became a priest, but for years exercised no priestly function, preferring to live in Rome as a journalist and writer. Miss Mannin writes well, and has devoted considerable research to her two rather obscure subjects. I did not, however, quite follow her in her choice of a title, since neither Griffin nor Mahony seem to impress the reader with integrity.

From Ireland we move to the Gobi Desert with Mrs. Barbara Spencer, who, with her doctor husband, established "Desert Hospital in China" (Jarrolds; 16s.) in 1947, under the auspices of the Council of Organisations for Relief Overseas. Her book reads like one of the more improbable works of improving fiction for children, since the hospital was staffed entirely by boys from the near-by school at Sandan, the eldest—aged seventeen or so—assisting competently with such tricky affairs as Casarean operations, and the youngest "nurse"—aged nine—proving a tower of strength, and also tripping about the operating theatre in a gown several feet too long for him! But of Barbara Spencer's integrity one cannot but remain convinced, so I am sure it all happened exactly as she said—and a very good story she makes of it.

She is a great partisan of the People's Liberation Army—a title which has perhaps grown a bit dusty in most of our opinions during the last seven years—but they seem to have restored some sort of hygiene in Peking, and we must not quarrel with Barbara Spencer for setting store by hygiene.

One can browse happily and with profit on C. W. and P. Cunnington's "Handbook of English Costume in the Sixteenth Century" (Faber and Faber; 30s.). Here you will find out what a farthingale and a doublet really look like, and you will recognise many of the contemporary pictures from which the work has been lavishly illustrated. Ridiculous as men look nowadays, I am glad that we no longer have to pad ourselves out so monstrously and go about lapped in furs and ruffs.

Mr. Gilbert Nixon loves "The World of Bees" (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.), but does not overstate the case in their favour. "I was quite young," he writes, "when I first became fond of bumble-bees. Later on I was not able to resist the charms of the fiercer wasps." It is a tribute to his persuasiveness that he nearly makes this statement plausible. E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT is fascinating to compare the good old days when cigarettes were five a ha'penny, with the presumably bad new days when statistically it can be proved that we are all better off, but psychologically we are all wondering quite how.

Is chess advancing?

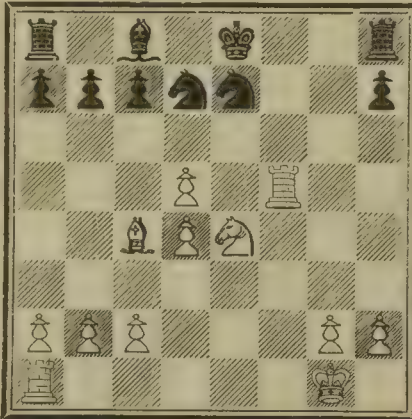
Well, at Abbazia in 1912, they organised a famous tournament in which every player with White had to play a gambit. The experiment was never repeated. Restricting the choice of openings—even though to gambits—made the play quite dull.

By 1953, Abbazia had passed from Italian to Yugoslav hands and become Opatija. Another tournament, of exactly similar status, was organised there. Openings were unrestricted, so that the games might have been expected to show more sparkle and variety. I don't think they did.

A Yugoslav magazine picked out the three brightest bits of play from each event. I have selected what I consider the best from each set of three. How do you think they compare?

Abbazia, 1912.

FLAMBERG (Black).



RETI (White).

1. R-K1 and now, as 1. . . Kt×R; 2. Kt-Q6 *dbl. ch.*, K-B1; 3. R-K8ch, K-Kt2; 4. Kt×K1ch, K-B3; 5. R×R, K×Kt; 6. B-Q3ch followed by 7. R×P is uninviting. Black tried 1. . . Kt-QKt3; 2. B-Kt5ch, K-Q1; 3. R-K5, Kt-Kt3; 4. Kt-Kt5, Kt×R; 5. R×Kt, B-Q2; 6. Kt-B7ch, K-B1; 7. Kt×R, B×B; 8. P-QKt3 with three pawns for the piece and much the better-placed men.

Opatija, 1953.

UDOVCHICH (Black).



UNZICKER (White).

1. . . P-Q4; 2. P×QP, R×Kt; 3. B×R, P-K5 (the point of Black's combination: he wins a second piece for the rook). The game continued 4. Kt-B5, P×B; 5. Q×P, B×QP and Black has a won game—but lost!



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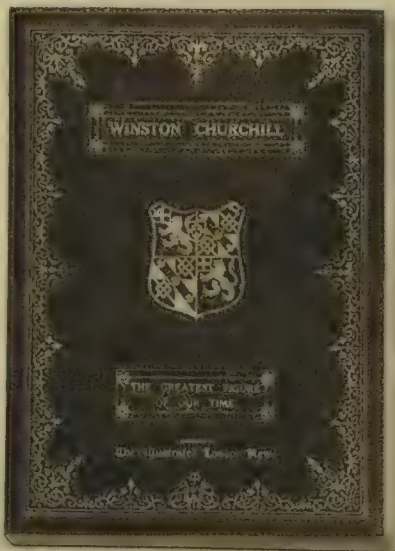




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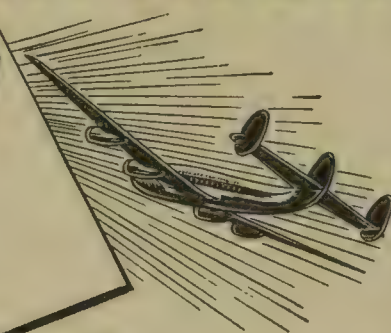
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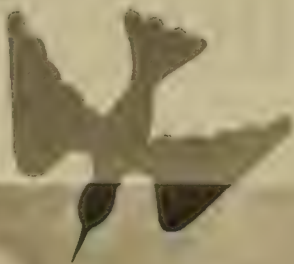




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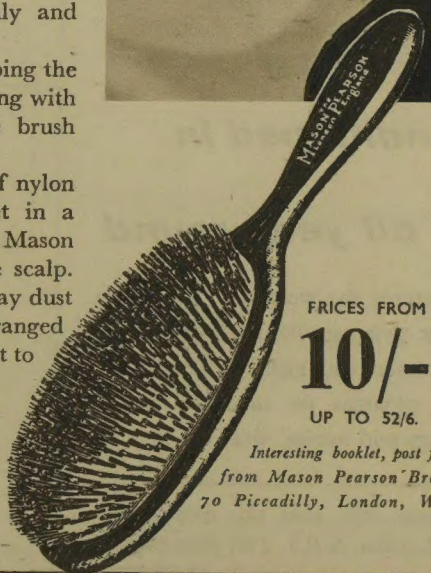
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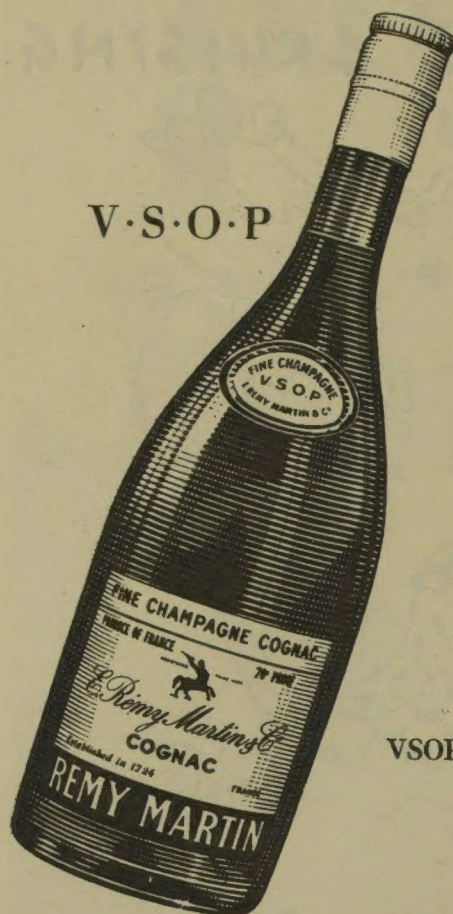
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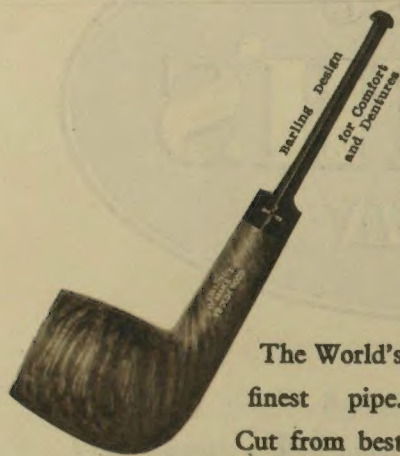
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